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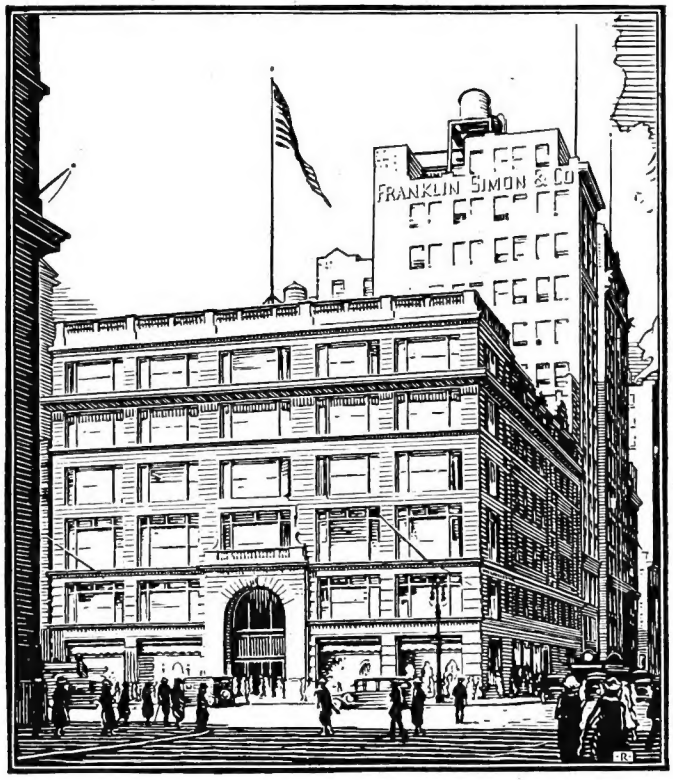

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Police Magazine

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May, 1925

PERRITON MAXWELL
Editor-Publisher

WALTER G. SPRINGER
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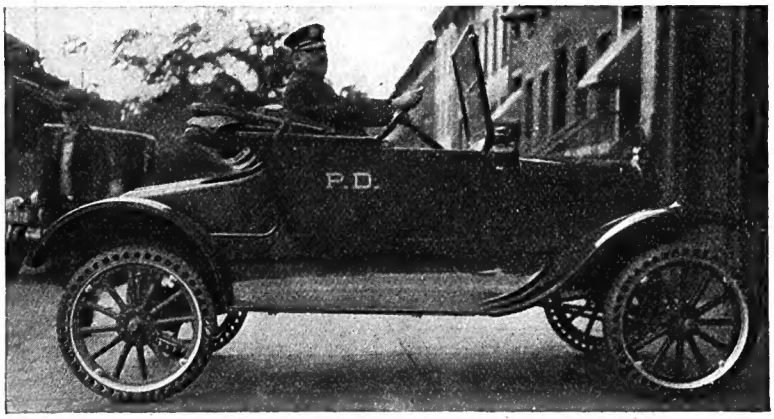

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A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

By BRUCE BARTON

Typhoid Marys

WITHOUT confiding his plans to anybody, a very busy man slipped off for his first long vacation.

When he returned, an acquaintance stopped him on the street, staring at him in obvious amazement.

"Why the ghastly glance?" exclaimed the man, who was feeling jovial and fit. "What is so strange about my taking a vacation?"

"Vacation!" repeated the other. "Do you know what they are saying about you? Six different people have told me that you had broken down and were in a sanitarium out West."

One of the oldest, most stable concerns of its kind suffered a temporary embarrassment through the failure of a customer. There was no permanent loss, but rumors spread fast.

"They are busted," said the couriers of misfortune. "They have discharged ninety people." "They will announce their suspension tomorrow."

It happened that the company, at that very hour, had more than a million dollars in cash in the banks. Did the rumor-mongers stop to learn this fact? They did not; each was too eager to be the first to spread the fatal tidings.

The president of the company traveled from bank to bank, and office to office, presenting the facts. Sometimes he had to show his bank-books in order to make himself believed.

Two gentlemen of inquiring turn of mind decided to test the rumor possibilities of business. They agreed that each of them would stop the first three individuals he met and conduct the following conversation:

"Have you heard about Smith?"—a man prominent in their industry.

"No?"

"Well, if you haven't heard anything, don't say anything."

Within a week it was widely reported that: (1) Smith was dead. (2) He had been fired. (3) He had quarreled with his boss and resigned. (4) He was about to be divorced. (5) He had disappeared with the company's funds.

After answering thousands of phone-calls and letters, poor Smith was driven to buy space in the trade press, to explain that he contemplated no business change, and that all rumors about him were groundless.

Do you remember Typhoid Mary? The health authorities rounded her up after a long search. She was a walking hive of typhoid-germs, and though not sick herself, she made everybody sick whom she met.

Business is full of male Typhoid Marys. They are a vast and costly nuisance. Having too little to do, they wander from office to office, spreading germs of suspicion and fear.

I ask the Rockefeller Institute to invent a serum which will annihilate these business pests. I ask the Secretary of Agriculture to spray them, like gypsy moths, in the spring.

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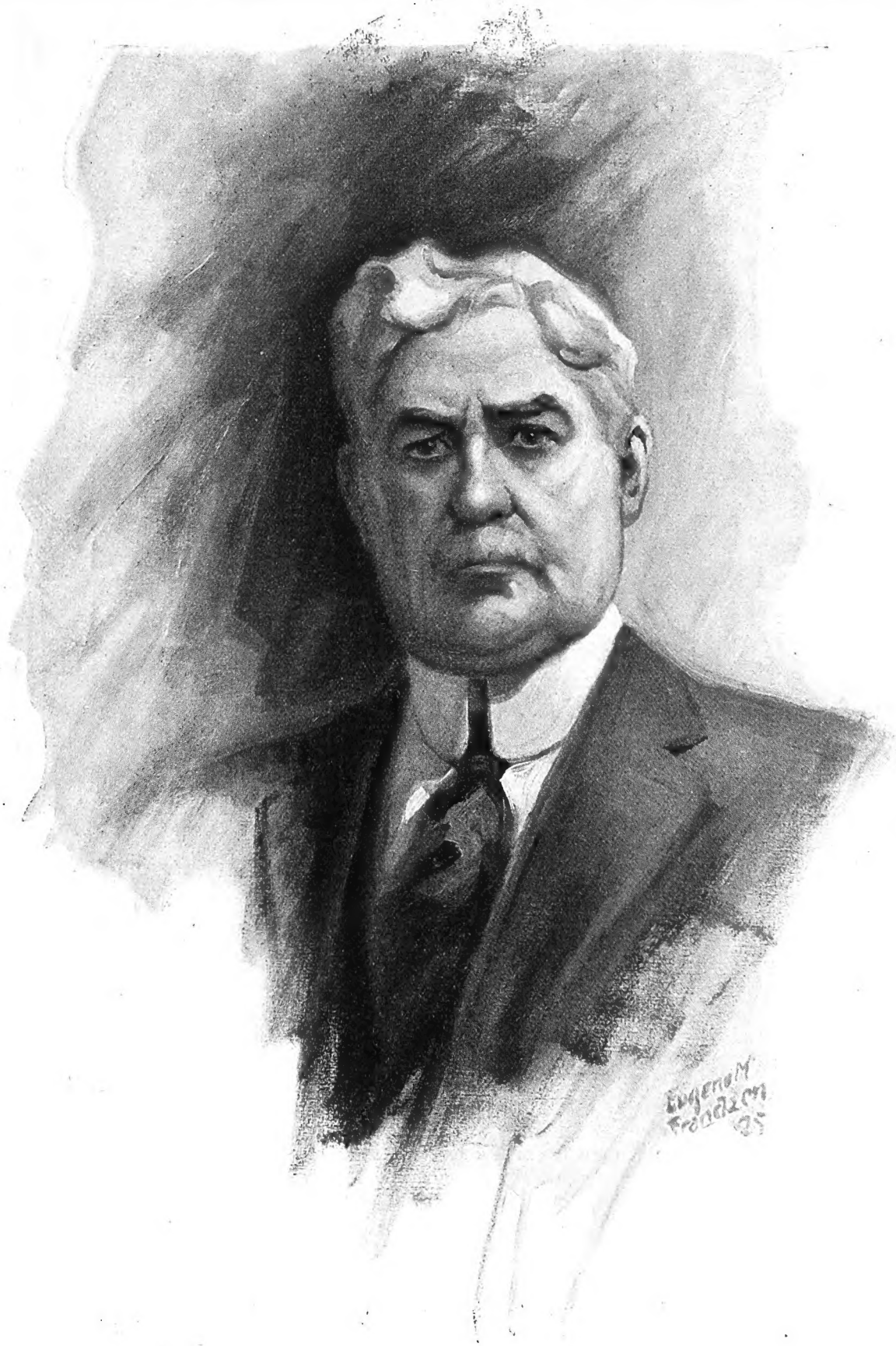

HON. RICHARD E. ENRIGHT

Police Commissioner, New York City
and President of The International
Police Conference

R. E. Enright
Police Commissioner.

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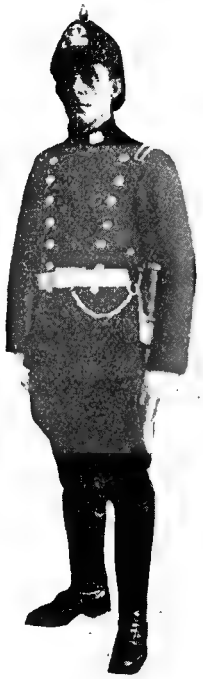

The Presidential Yacht "Adhara" with Commissioner Enright and official party aboard viewing the Ilas del Tigre, principal summer resort of Buenos Aires. The figures at left and right are, respectively, an officer of police in full-dress uniform and a member of the Traffic Squad of Buenos Aires.

Below the Equator

A Comparison of South American Police Systems and Policemen With those of Our Own Country

By Hon. Richard E. Enright

Police Commissioner of New York City

THE police organizations of South America are entirely different in their plan, scope and general appearance from the American department. This is due to the variance in point of view, and Latin conception of laws relating to preservation of the peace and the enforcement of law and order. Illustrative of this is the procedure where an arrest is made. In South America the accused is presumed to be and is held as actually guilty until he is able to prove himself innocent. The whole burden of proof is on the defendant. Under the English-American code of justice the accused is held to be innocent,—theoretically—until the prosecution can prove him guilty, which of course means that the burden of proof now rests upon the State or its representatives. While there may be some question as to the danger in which the Napoleonic Code places the accused, there is no doubt at all that it vastly simplifies police work.

All American policemen are well aware that prisoners, known positively to be guilty, are discharged or acquitted because the police are unable within a limited space of time to gather sufficient evidence to prove them guilty. Not infrequently, upon arrest, they confess their guilt, and then, under the guidance of an

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astute lawyer, come into court and plead not guilty, which plea at once nulifies the original statement and makes it obligatory on the police to prove beyond reasonable doubt that they are guilty, which proof is not in the possession of the police, nor can it be obtained in sufficient time to warrant a verdict of guilty. Under the other code, when a prisoner is actually guilty it becomes, of course, extremely difficult for him to prove himself innocent.

Any direct comparison drawn between North and South American police systems would be unfair because of the widely divergent necessities found in the two continents. It is extremely doubtful if our type of police organization would measure up to the standards and requirements of South American necessities, and I am quite certain the South American police could not operate either efficiently or acceptably in the United States or Canada. I found the South American cities to be well governed, law supremacy adequately maintained, streets clean and in good order, and their traffic problems, which of course are minor ones compared to ours in New York, most efficiently handled.

I had the opportunity of observing police methods in six South American countries, and I can find nothing but praise for them. Some features of their police work would I think be adaptable for our use in the United States, while others would be entirely unsuitable because of the temperament of the American people. In some situations we are entirely settled on operation along definite ethical lines, which are regarded in an entirely different light south of the equator. These differences are, I think I may say, due to our divergent concept of moralities. Basically the ethical systems are the same, relatively they are different. As a people we regard gambling, for example, as a crime, but I did not find it so regarded in South America. Then, too, the social evil is tolerated and regulated.

For the most part I found gambling in South America under license and government control. Indeed most of the countries and cities of the southern hemisphere draw a large revenue from it. Such a situation would not be tolerated, I feel certain, by the people of the United States. By this I do not mean that we are necessarily more moral, but that we prefer to shut our eyes to some human inclinations.

The toleration and regulation of the social evil in the countries I visited is handled much as it is in many European cities. Apparently it is regarded as inevitable that infractions of the moral code will occur, and it is believed better to accept the conditions and control them as thoroughly as possible rather than to endeavor to suppress them. It may even be that suppression is regarded as impossible. One thing is certain, such toleration and regulation of gambling and vice remove a tremendous burden from the shoulders of the police, and free them from work which has proved most vexatious and injurious to the police departments of our country. But again that is one of the fundamental differences between the two races of people.

Commissioner Enright arriving at the Police Training School at Buenos Aires to witness an exhibition of the mounted police. At the right of Mr. Enright is Police Commissioner Fernandez of the Buenos Aires Police Department.

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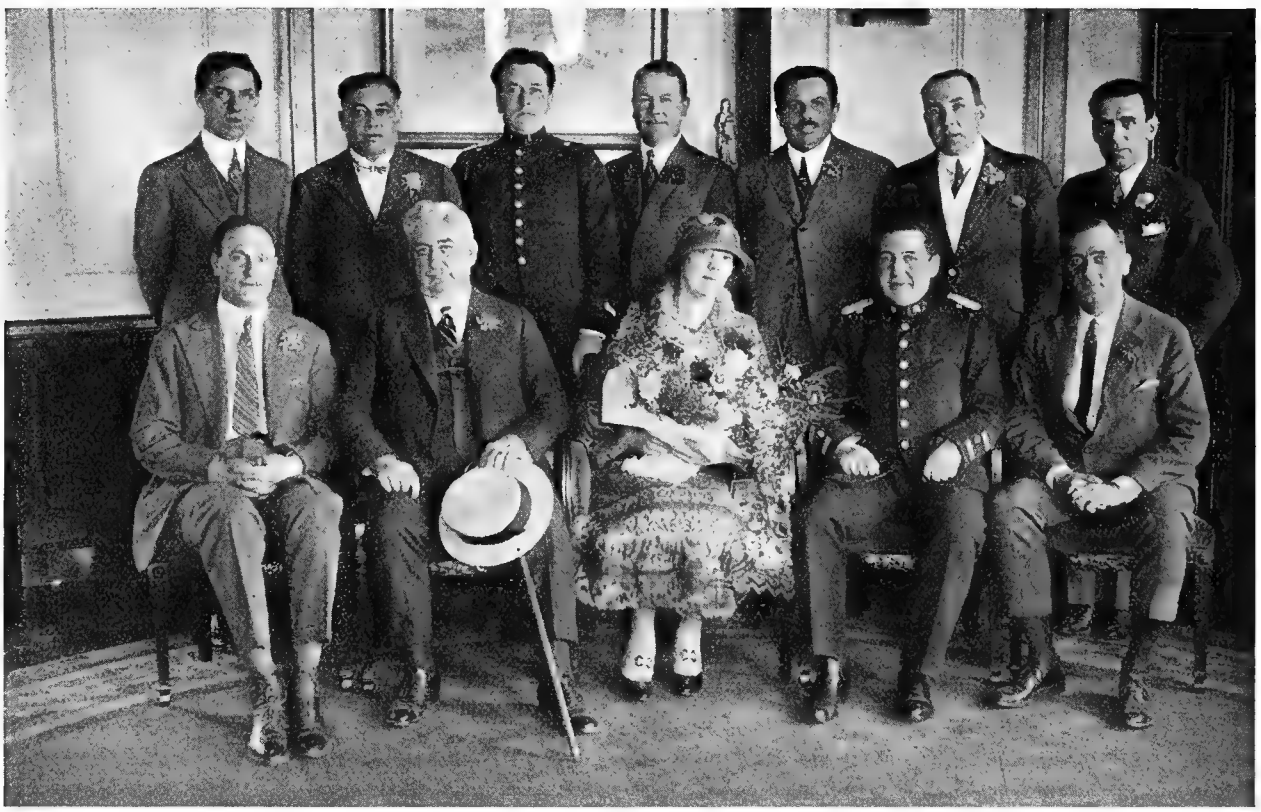

Official party at the Chamber of Commerce, Valparaiso. In the rear, third from the left is Police Commissioner of Valparaiso, Arturo Venegas; second from right, the head of the local Detective Bureau. Seated are Commissioner Enright (with hat and stick), Mrs. Enright and at her left the Deputy Police Chief of Valparaiso.

Few of our North American police methods have been adopted by our neighbors to the South, though some have been taken over, particularly by those countries which have sent delegates to the International Police Conference of 1922 and 1923 held in this city. One of the reasons is that police officials of South America find it very difficult to inaugurate changes in their systems. This is due principally to the fact that municipalities do not control their police, but yield supervision and control to the Government. The police head of any city is appointed by the President, Minister of the Interior, or some cabinet officer of the Government. Obviously any changes made must be authorized by the national authorities, and would require the same procedure that military changes would necessitate.

South American police are largely recruited from the army. Indeed, army service is one of the principal qualifications for police appointment. Because of general conditions army recruiting is not carried on among the best classes of the citizenry. As a result soldiers have little or no education or training outside the military service and consequently they are not likely to possess the marked qualities of independent citizenship shown by New York policemen recruited from the public schools, business houses and public utility services of the city. Our men have at least a grammar school education, numbers of them being graduates of the high schools. Many of them are landholders and house-owners, members of social and fraternal organizations, and thus exercising all the functions and privileges of citizenship. In my opinion because of these attributes they more nearly approach the ideal of a civic peace army than any similar organization in the world.

There are two features of police work in South America that I would like to see adapted to our needs in New York in particular, and in the United States in general. One is the exercise of the minor judicial function by police officials and the other is the system of individual identification.

In a number of the cities of South America the police exercise this minor judicial authority, which saves immeasurably the time of the courts and removes what are often unjust and frequently intolerable burdens from those arrested for violations of civic ordinances, while it conserves the time of the police tremendously. In many of the cities I visited the precinct commanders, who exercise functions similar to our police captains or lieutenants, are vested with authority to hear and determine charges which are not of a serious nature. Such procedure if adopted here would require some modification of existing laws, but from every standpoint it would be advisable for such cases to be quickly heard and tried at the police station without loss of time to defendant, policeman or complainant.

I would like to see all cases of violation of corporate ordinances, and some of the minor misdemeanors for which the penalty would not exceed $25, heard and

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determined by our precinct commanders. The exact penalty which could be imposed under a plea of guilty might be stipulated in the law. If the person arrested desires not to submit to the judgment of the precinct commander when arraigned before him in the police station, he may waive such hearing and demand to be taken before a magistrate. If he objects to the penalty imposed by the precinct commander he should have the right of appeal to a city magistrate. Naturally if the prisoner should plead not guilty, he would pass at once automatically to the jurisdiction of a police magistrate. I believe such a procedure would cut down by forty or fifty percent the congestion now prevailing in the New York police courts, and would operate so efficiently that it would be welcomed by the public.

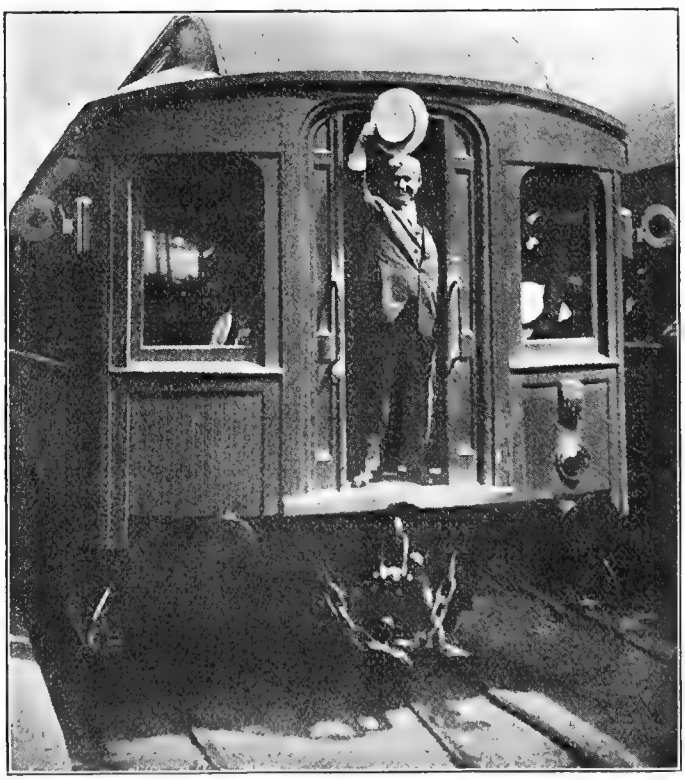
At present a person summoned to court for a simple violation of corporate ordinance probably spends several hours, or possibly an entire day, in court, during all of which time the police officer must also attend. During the policeman's attendance his duty must be performed by another officer, who must then cover two posts instead of one, and to that extent the city loses. Such a complaint as, for example, throwing refuse in the street, would probably result in a fine of $1, but the salary of the policeman for the day would be $7, and the loss of time of the defendant nearly as much. Or a man is arrested for intoxication and spends the night in a precinct cell. The next day he must be taken to court and the arresting officer must go with him. The fine will run from $3 to $10, and under the South American plan this fine would be assessed by the precinct commander when the prisoner is sober enough to be discharged. Ample justice and punishment would be meted out and the time of the police conserved.

In the case of a man arrested for a minor offense today after the courts are closed, he must remain in custody in a precinct cell until the forenoon of the following day before his case can be heard, or at least until he can be bailed. In either case the experience is likely to be costly to him. And such procedure and detention is in itself punishment, all of which would be avoided by this system I found so thoroughly in operation south of the Line.

Objectors to the plan will naturally argue that such authority would lead to corruption and favoritism on the part of the police. I regard such a contention as preposterous, and I am sure it could be advanced only by certain individuals whose incomes might be curtailed by it. Adequate safeguards would be provided, and there would be no more opportunity for abuse on the part of the police than now exists in the handling of such cases. There is the advantage that it is by no means an experiment, having been in operation, as I have stated, for many years in the cities I visited.

The second innovation I should like to see is the system of personal identification I have referred to a few paragraphs above. I had more opportunity to observe its operation in Buenos Aires than elsewhere, and I found it a source of great convenience to the public and very useful to the police. Practically every citizen carries a neat card of identification supplied by the police department of the city. This card has a photograph of the holder, his thumb print, signature and brief description, and forms an absolutely positive means of identification. Not infrequently a person who has suddenly been injured, become insane, or ill, comes into the hands of the police, who would thus have available a positive means of identification. In New York we are frequently confronted with cases where it is impossible to locate relatives or friends because of the inability of the person to identify him or herself, and from this alone occur many burials in the Potters Field which need not occur.

The cards of identification are very useful also at bank, express office or other place where identity must be positively established, or when travelling in foreign lands. Also the cards would be useful in establishing the identity of a person committing a minor offense, and who, therefore, could be summoned to court instead of arrested. Before receiving one of these identification cards, an application blank containing fingerprint, photograph and personal information would be filed with the police authorities, but *not*, I may say for the benefits of the alarmists, *in the Bureau of Criminal Identification.* The applicant would be investigated, and if found to be of good character, would receive his identification card.



Commissioner Enright leaving Buenos Aires for Chile, waving adieu to a large official party which included Ambassador Pueyrredon, Chief of Police Fernandez, the head of the Detective Bureau and Mr. Caesar Etcheverry, Chief of the Buenos Aires Bureau of Criminal Identification.

The utility of such cards in commercial affairs cannot be too strongly stressed. Especially in matters of employment would the business man find them useful, for he would first ask for the card of the applicant, and if one is not possessed, the applicant would be invited to procure one and to apply again. If such a card is not eventually forthcoming the prudent employer will probably make other arrangements. In most South American countries aliens are registered with the police, and whether with the police or not, I am convinced they should be registered somewhere, for the police have great difficulty in finding

(*Continued on page* 71)

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¶ *"The intruder grappled and even in the dark, there, Andrews could feel the panic desperation in his grip"*

A Substitute Burglar

John Andrews, Wealthy Young Man-About-Town, Finds Himself Impersonating a Thug Against His Will

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Jay McArdle

John Andrews had more leisure than he needed and almost as much money as he wanted; more money than many good folks know is coined. So he devoted little energy to law, a little more to athletics, and most energy of all to looking for a good time. And, with each passing year, up to his twenty-eighth, he found he must look just a little farther than on the year preceding before finding the kind of good time that appealed to him.

Thus, you see, he had had a long and wise course of training for Mischief, before Mischief at length tackled him. Here is the chronicle of the bout:

On the night that marked the start of it all, Andrews came home overlate to his rooms on the fifth floor of the "Superior." The "Superior" was a metropolitan bachelor apartment-house whose aim was to provide young and well-to-do men with enough comfort to make matrimony purely optional.

Andrews let himself into his rooms. The night was warm and his eyes ached from staring three hours at vari-colored rolling spheres on a green baize table. So he did not switch on the lights.

Instead, he made his way to his bedroom and there, locating the bed by memory, tossed his coat over its footboard. Then he prepared, as was his wont, to sit down on the side of the bed to take off his shoes. But memory is a tricky guide—in the dark. Especially memory of exact locations. Wherefore, John Andrews' descending body missed the bed's edge by at least two inches. And he sat down with an unexpected speed and force.

He did not sit down on the floor. His fall was mercifully broken. He sat down on the head of a man.

He descended very hard and very forcibly upon the head, which had just protruded cautiously from under the bed.

With the reflex muscular jump of one who unwittingly steps on the cat in crossing a dark passageway,

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John Andrews found his footing. He found it at once and fully six feet from the spot where he had so carelessly seated himself. His flight through the air was accompanied by an anguished howl of indignation. Not from his own throat, but from that appertaining to the head whereon he had sat.

The howl was accompanied by a sound of scrambling. The bed springs squealed, at a heaving contact from below. Then there was a blunderingly swift pad of feet on the floor, and something furtive and frightened scurried past Andrews in the darkness.

As the Thing scuttled by, Andrews struck. It was a straight left lead, delivered with considerable power. But as it was aimed by guess-work, it wholly missed its mark. Its impact threw Andrews forward and sent the bulk of his body full against the unseen runner. The two collided. The intruder grappled. Even in the dark, there, Andrews could feel the panic desperation in his grip.

He needed no herculean story-book prowess, though, to break his present adversary's hold and, by use of the simple old hip-lock, to send him a-sprawl on the floor amid the wreckage of a bedside stand.

Kneeling on the easily relaxed forearms of his foe, Andrews reached up along the wall above him and pressed the light-button.

By the glow from the three-shaded electric lamps he found himself looking down at a right sorry object. The man beneath him lay still; all the fight knocked out of him by the fall. His eyes were wide open and he was staring up in silly terror at his conqueror. His nose was bleeding; his underlip, too. The object's breath came in gasps that were more like sobs. The gasps were born of fear. He had not had long nor violent enough exercise to cause them.

"Get up," commanded Andrews.

The man obeyed.

"I'm sorry," went on Andrews, "to have disturbed you. But," with a glance under the bed, "that lower birth was reserved. And something tells me you had no ticket for it."

The man smiled in a pathetically conciliatory fashion at this feeble irony, and shuffled, furtively, in the direction of the door. He was so abject, so forlorn, so spiritless, that Andrews had an uncomfortable sensation of punishing a sick puppy. Nevertheless, he stepped between the intruder and the door.

"Better days, eh?" he questioned. "By the way, how did you get in here?"

"The—the door was off the catch," he lied. "I had just come in and shut it behind me when I heard you. There wasn't any chance to get out. So I——"

"I see. And now that I've got you, I suppose I ought to do one of two things! I believe real-life people generally hand a thief over to the police, and then have to get up at some ungodly hour of dawn and appear against him in a smelly police court and then waste a lot more time being bullied by his lawyer at the trial and being guyed between-whiles by the humorist pests they miscall 'friends.' And in fiction, such men talk earnestly to the theif and convert him and he becomes their loyal servant and watches over their interests with a doglike devotion."

Again the pathetic grin of propitiation twisted the victim's white mouth and his big scared eyes. And again Andrews felt that throb of disgusted pity for the creature.

"I don't want to be guyed by my friends and bullied by criminal lawyers," he concluded. "And I'm not looking for a converted servant of doglike fidelity. Get out!"

He flung open the door. The man darted out, accelerating his speed as he passed his host as though dreading a kick. Andrews shut the door behind him; and, belatedly wondering if perhaps the nocturnal guest had lied in saying he had stolen nothing, turned on all the lights and made a cursory inspection of the suite.

His trip showed him no evidence of looting. But it revealed to him his evening mail piled in a little white heap on the living-room table where the "floor valet" had as usual deposited it.

The anti-climax scene with the thief had brushed away Andrew's sleepiness. He filled and lighted a pipe, burrowed down in a big leather chair and proceeded to go through his newly arrived letters. There was a bill for club dues, there were two receipts, there was a "touch" note from a Human Sponge, there was a dinner invitation, there was a wedding announcement and there was a letter signed: "With dear love, Ruth."

Refilling his pipe, he began to skim over the first line or two. Little by little he forgot to look for the hidden joke and to grow absorbed in what he was reading. It was an odd letter—from Andrews' experience.

"Ruth" began by saying how overjoyed her mother had been to get his postal the preceding day; to learn that he once more had steady employment and that he was well. She went on to say that she was writing in her mother's place; as the latter's growing blindness had, during the past year, become complete. The girl wrote: "She is so patient, John! But I should not be honest, dear, if I didn't tell you how she has grieved for you and how she has worried over your long, long silence. Why, until she got that card from you yesterday (oh, she fairly cried for happiness when I read it to her and I caught her afterward kissing it when she didn't know I was looking)—until she got that card, neither she nor I had had one word from you in a whole year. Think of that, John! A whole year. And she is so old. Since she lost her sight she has nothing to do but to sit and remember."

"A 'Shut-in Society' ad, I suppose," hazarded Andrews. "It's pretty well done at that."

He read on.

"She talks of you all the time. There isn't a day that passes but she asks if I've heard from you; even though she knows I haven't. I do what I can to make her happy. But you are her first-born and she loves you a hundred times more than ever she loved me. John, I don't want you to be angry with me or think I'm impertinent. But—now that you have a position again, could you manage to come home, if it's only just for a day, sometime, and see her? I won't try to tell you how unbelievably happy it would make her.

"Just think. It is fifteen years next Spring. I can't make it seem possible that you haven't been back since then. Fifteen years! I was only seven. I can just dimly remember you. But mother remembers it all as if it were yesterday. And she won't hear a word of blame against you from even the dearest of our friends, for being away from her so long.

"Whether you can come to her or not, thank you for letting Mother hear from you. It took such a load off her mind. Why, for a year, she hasn't known where

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As the Thing scuttled by, Andrews struck. It was a straight left lead, delivered with considerable power, but it wholly missed its mark.

you were or anything about you. She wrote to you at the Cleveland address, but her letter came back. She asks me to tell you again that your old room is still just as it was when you went away."

Then came another paragraph or two and the "With dear love, Ruth."

Andrews re-read the whole letter, looking in vain for a possible catch in it. Then he examined the envelope's post-mark. The name of the postoffice was "Ideala, Ohio," a place of which he had never heard. Presently, he gave up the riddle and went to bed.

Next day, the matter was brought back to him by the first letter he opened in his morning mail. It was in a masculine hand and none too friendly. It ran:

"John Andrews, Esq.:

"I learned through your sister, Ruth, yesterday that she had heard from you. She gave me your address. I am writing to say what she is perhaps too mistakenly kind-hearted to tell you. Your mother's health is failing very rapidly. She is totally blind. Her hearing, too, is slightly affected. These are but symptoms of the incurable malady which will cause her death within a few months at most. Perhaps within a single month.

"I shall merely touch on the fact that your running away from home was a sorrow which brought on her first ill-health; and that the news of your long term in prison crushed what was left of her vitality and of her desire to live. The end is now very near. I am writing chiefly to say that she is in straightened circumstances. The place is over-mortgaged, and she has been forced to incur debts which worry her, cruelly. I learn that you now have steady employment. Should you wish to make amends to her, ever so little, for any of the sorrow you have caused, I suggest that you lift some of the monetary troubles that are saddenying her last days. Your sister's salary at the school barely keeps her and her mother alive. There are many comforts the invalid must forego—needful comforts, in her condition. Will not conscience or a belated sense of decency lead you to supply her with the means for such comforts?

"Yours, etc.,

"HIRAM FULD, M.D."

"That's the answer!" snorted Andrews, in dudgeon. "I knew there was a catch somewhere. The first letter

(*Continued on page* 85)

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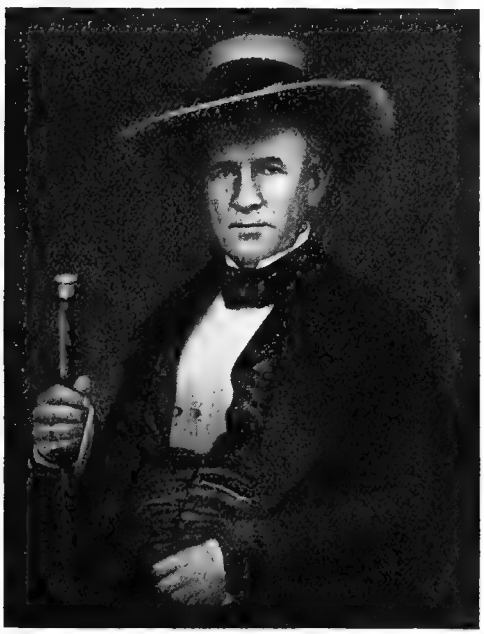
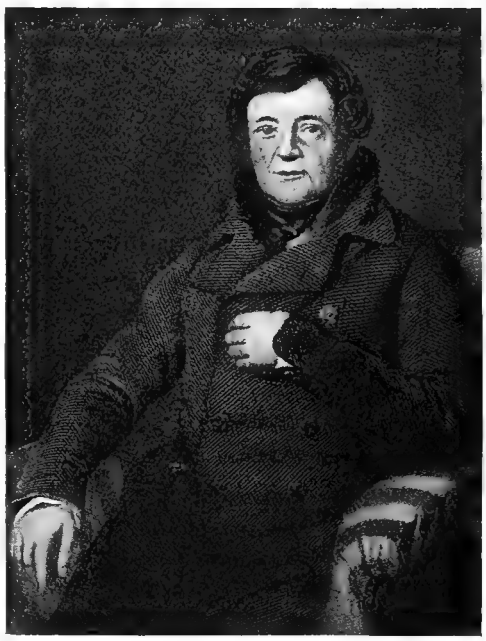


General "Sam" Houston, who as Governor of Texas, pardoned a defaulting official to prevent him from "contaminating the state penitentiary."



Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish lawyer and statesman, won a famous murder case by tricking the accused into swearing to an obvious lie.

When Justice Grins

Some of the Great Lawyers of History Have Given the Lady with the Scales Many a Good Laugh

By Paul W. Kearney

Author of "The Policeman's Pedigree," Etc.

Illustrated with Rare Old Steelplate Portraits

JOHN MARSHALL is known today chiefly for his brilliant and decisive interpretations of the Constitution during his service as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He, perhaps more than any other early mind, actually shaped the course of our national development, and folks are apt to forget that such a man was a human being first and a lawyer last.

His biographies quickly disperse any notions to the contrary. One time, for instance, as a promising young lawyer, he was jerked up by the Judge and fined thirty dollars for contempt because of a slighting remark he allowed to creep into his discourse. With profuse apologies and a low bow, Marshall said:

"Your Honor, I have the greatest respect for this court and the judge who presides over it. I intend to carry out every wish of this court, sir, and I will pay this fine immediately. As it happens, however, I have not the full amount of thirty dollars with me, and since no one in this courtroom knows me better than yourself, Your Honor, I must ask that you lend me that amount so that I may pay off this assessment at once."

The judge was stumped—but only for a moment. Turning to the clerk, he said in his sternest tone:

"Clerk, remit the fine. The United States Government is better able to lose thirty dollars than I!"

Among the wisest of attorneys was Rufus Choate. One day, after the junior counsel had prepared the case, he took the client with him to talk to Mr. Choate himself.

"Of course," began the client, "you understand the principle of the Jacquard loom, Mr. Choate?"

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"Certainly, certainly," returned Mr. Choate, who had never heard of that kind of a loom in his life, "but let us assume for the moment that I do not, so that you may explain it to me in your own way as a preliminary."

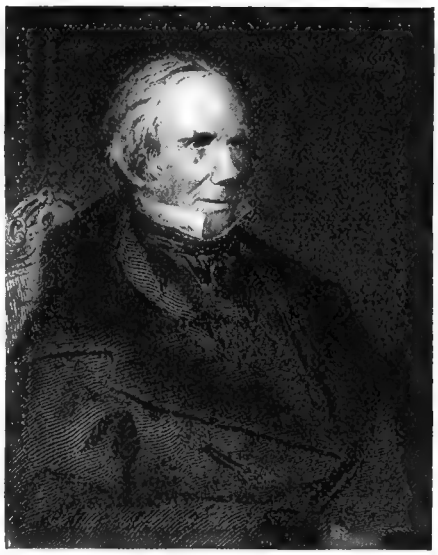
Truly, it is a wise lawyer who knows what he should know!

They tell another good one about Choate in court. The opposing attorney in a certain case concluded his remarks to the jury with the utterly false statement that he felt sure of his ground because his opponent, Mr. Choate, had taken the same stand in another case just a few days before at Lowell.

Most lawyers would have denied the lie, of course. But Choate simply said, in his own quiet way:

"Yes, I took that stand—and was overruled by the court!"

We have heard stories of nerve, courage and audacity. But none, I think reflects a greater total of those enviable ingredients than does that showing the abandon of Henry Clay. Arguing a case one day before that august tribunal, the United States Supreme Court, Clay seemed to be annoyed by the fact that one of the Justices constantly played with a snuff-box. It went on until the lawyer could stand it no longer. Then he approached the Justice and with an airy wave of the hand, helped himself to a pinch of the snuff and smiled ingratiatingly at the dumbfounded jurist.



Henry Clay casually helped himself to a pinch of snuff from the snuff-box of a dignified Justice in the United States Supreme Court while trying a case.

Commenting upon the incident later, another Justice said that no man in the United States would have had the nerve to do such a thing—except Henry Clay!

Lawyers sometimes have to devote their attentions to great men. Daniel Webster once let a butcher's bill go unpaid so long that the merchant sued him for it. The case was settled out of court, and shortly after Webster met the butcher on the street.

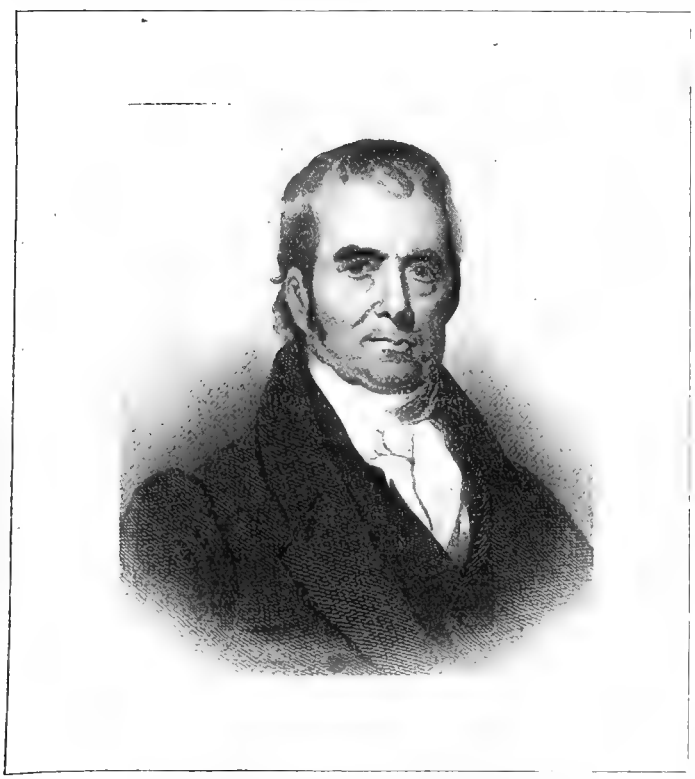
Greeting him in his cheery way, he asked the man why he had stopped sending his regular meat order around.

"Why," said the puzzled tradesman, "I didn't think you'd want to deal with me after I had sued you."

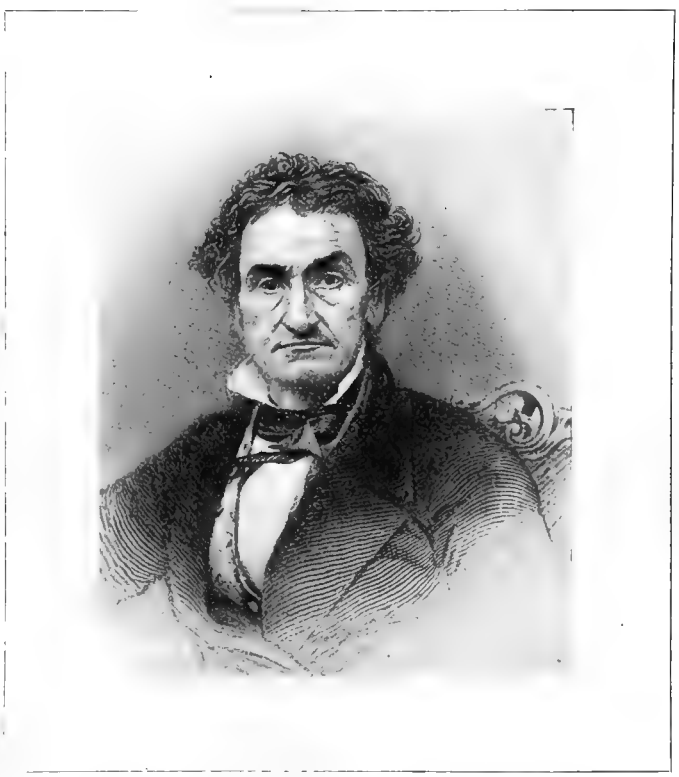
"Fiddlesticks!" returned the statesman, "sue all you want, but don't try to starve me to death."

Of course, not all of the legal wit of history comes out in court actions. The late Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, for example, was a tobacco chewer. So also was the late Justice White. One day a correspondent commented in his despatch on the fact that Justice Harlan borrowed "a chew" from Justice White during the recess that day. Harlan sent for the correspondent who presently appeared before him in a very uneasy state of mind.

(*Continued on page* 104)



Chief Justice John Marshall, when a rising young lawyer, turned the tables on the Judge who attempted to fine him for contempt.



Rufus Choate who cleverly covered up his ignorance when one of his clients asked him to prepare a highly technical case in law.

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¶ *The evidence lay before him—fingerprints and portraits. "That is the man, may God help me," groaned Markwell.*

"Shoving the Queer"

Only this Time the Valueless Money was Not Counterfeit nor It's Payment Illegal

THIRD IN THE SERIES OF FACT-STORIES TOLD TO ROBERT SHIRLEY

By Inspector Daniel Gregory

Illustrated by T. JEFFERSON MACHAMER

WITHIN five hundred feet from the entrance to Police Headquarters, New York City is a modest restaurant where not a little of the colorful history of the big town has been worked out. If the tables and chairs of this unassuming Centre Street place bore records of the momentous and dramatic plans and tales that have been talked over them, material for some of the best fiction thrillers would be available to any competent scribe.

There are discreet waiters in this place, men of mature years who have the makings of diplomats in them, and who never by word or look intimate that many of the quietly-dressed business men with nothing to mark them save reserve are officials of the great granite building near by, come to break a tense or anxious day with food and tobacco. Keen-eyed young men attached to the newspapers are given to swift searching of this eating place when on the track of a tale, and an occasional crook whose spirit of bravado prompts his action drops in for coffee just to nod to one or two of his hereditary enemies of the law. So it was here that Inspector Daniel Gregory told Jim Preston and myself a story of the manner in which the Lost Cause of sixty years ago came to the rescue of a grief-stricken Chicago father long after the Stars and Bars had died in the hopes of the men and women of the Southland.

Preston had been commenting on the discovery of certain seeds in the tomb of an Egyptian king of three thousand years ago, and the manner in which they had been planted and sprouted after their long rest.

"Which goes to show that you can't always tell offhand when a thing has outlived its usefulness," he finished, whereat Dan Gregory smiled one of his slow, ruminative smiles that spoke so eloquently of the poise and humanness of the man. Thirty years of police service had brought wisdom to the keen brain, and sympathy to the great heart of the man. Contact with human foibles, tragedies and heroisms had taught him how much good there is in the worst of men and women, and how small and petty even the greatest may become on occasion.

"There's an element of philosophic truth in what you say, Preston," Inspector Gregory remarked. "Maybe it's the other side of Solomon's assertion that there's nothing new under the sun. And perhaps it's also responsible for the squirrel instinct in women. Eh? Oh, all women have something of the squirrel in them. They hide things away, sometimes it's money, sometimes bits of finery, sometimes memories, but they always have a private store in a hidden corner. But getting back to the old things of the long ago, there was a mighty queer case a few years back when after everything else failed we had to call on the old Confederacy to help us out."

And so I've here set down the details just as Gregory told them to us.

. . . . .

Most people seem to think that administering law and keeping order is just a routine business that anyone with a semblance of common-sense can get away with. Apparently they believe that there is a certain piece of law for every human trouble; that all one has to do is to call on the police to apply the remedy, and everything is fine and lovely. Which would be a splendid idea if it were only a fact. The difficulty is that innocent people get into entanglements for which there is no remedy that the law can apply, and then again there are protections that the law throws about certain conditions that seem like nothing but the sheerest injustice. You just have to steer your way the best you can and use what horse-sense the Lord bestowed on you, and then hope for the right outcome.

The outside of this case I'm going to tell you about may be known to both you men, but three people only know the real insides of it, and for that reason I'm not going to let the real names come to the surface. It all goes back about five years, just about the time when the spring that the World War had compressed for so many months was thrown loose and carried us into all sorts of excesses. Nobody knew what anybody was going to do next. Men and women forgot the old standards of conduct, and began going off on queer tangents. Merchants believed that a fair profit was any absurd figure that could be thought of on the

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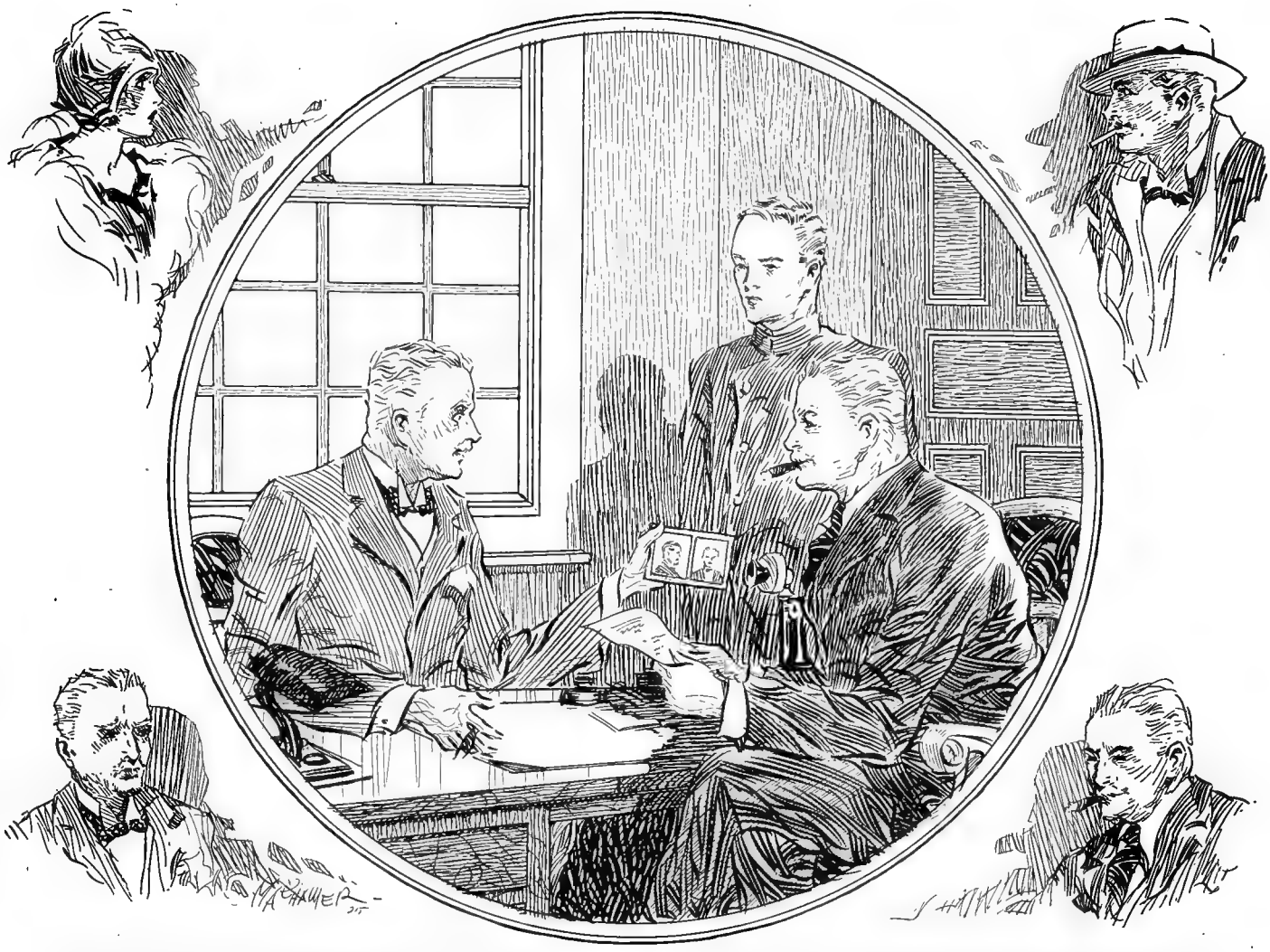

The leading characters in this story of crime and cunning are the girl, "Handsome Harry" Burns, the villain, the wealthy Peter Markwell, and Inspector Gregory. The scene is where Markwell is shown the Bertillon portraits of Burns.

spur of the moment, and crooks got the idea into their heads that since the moral codes had broken down, the penal code could be stretched to almost any extent also. They haven't altogether forgotten that fallacy yet, either.

It was one of the days when it seemed that the heat had got on everybody's nerves, and had made them do things they never would have thought of doing if they hadn't been on the ragged edge. Complaints and reports had been pouring into Headquarters all day; it did look as if the deluge had broken loose. And then the Commissioner sent for me.

"This is Mr. Peter Markwell, Inspector," he said when I walked into his office. "He's got a situation on his hands that will need some careful handling, and I've told him that I don't see just where we can do anything for him. However, he's a friend, and that means that we'll treat him as such. Take him away with you, and anything he wants that a friend can properly do, you do for him."

Of course I knew what that meant. Information, advice, but only as an individual. The thing couldn't be touched officially until evidence of a crime had been produced. I took Mr. Markwell down the hall to my own room, sat him in a chair, handed him a cigar, and invited him to tell his story.

"Inspector," he began, "let's start fair. I'm as close to a broken-hearted man as you are likely to run across in the next week. Out in Chicago where I live they'll tell you that Peter Markwell has everything in the world to make him happy. They'll tell you he's president of one of the big banks, has a city and country home, as much money as is good for any human, and a couple of the prettiest daughters that ever blessed a man. And until a month ago that was true. I was reasonably happy. Now, God help me, I'm sitting on the verge of a catastrophe."

Markwell was apparently about fifty, slightly gray, with a good, fine-featured face that I like to think is distinctly American in type, well and carefully dressed, obviously a man of culture and refinement, and just as obviously a gentleman to whom meanness or twisted morality was abhorrent. There are some of them you know, and not infrequently you'll find them in a business environment where the competition is keen and dishonorable. He went on:

"As I said, there are two daughters. Their mother died some ten years ago. One is nineteen, and is at school up the Hudson. The other, Edna, is twenty-three, and has been more or less of a social figure in the younger sets both in Chicago and here. It is my daughter Edna that—that I'm worried about." He paused here and swallowed rather painfully as if trying to overcome a lump in his throat.

"I suppose a father, no matter how well-intentioned, should not be trusted to bring up daughters. At least

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I'm afraid that I was handicapped by having no women in my household who could help with the problems every young girl must face. I see that plainly now, but I didn't then. I've rather made a point with my girls of being a pal with them. I've hoped that they could trust me in everything, but I did not realize, I'm afraid, that there are things a girl can never tell anyone but her mother.

"Quite gradually I became aware that a young man was more and more a part of Edna's background. Also I began to see that they seemed to be spending nearly all their time together. Without making it apparent I began to observe this man. He was about thirty, well-groomed, had fairly decent manners, seemed to have money enough, and apparently knew the right people. The time did not seem to have arrived when I needed to go further. Then he dropped out of sight and Edna began to moon about as if she had lost something valuable. I thought she drooped more than was necessary in such a case.

"Then, perhaps a month after this man—by-the-way he called himself Driggs; Chester V. Driggs—had left Chicago, Edna came to me one morning and said she needed five thousand dollars. I must tell you that my girls have always had a checking account of their own. As a banker I naturally had taught them how to look after money. Edna's request startled me.

" 'What for, my dear?' I asked.

" 'I'd rather you wouldn't ask, Dad,' she replied.

" 'If it was a small amount I wouldn't, my dear,' I answered, 'but five thousand dollars is a sum that cannot be considered a trifle. I'm afraid I'll have to know.'

"Well, there was no little difficulty in getting what I wanted, and then she told me she needed it to lend it to Driggs. You may imagine the jolt this gave me. I tried to show her that no decent man would borrow money from a young girl, and that brought tears. The scene was unpleasant, and it ended by my telling her I could not let her have the money. I thought the incident was ended. It wasn't, as I learned three weeks later.

"Courtney Phelps is a young man of our acquaintance for whom I hold the highest regard. He is associated with one of the big harvester companies in Chicago, and I have long had hope that his friendship with Edna would permit me some day to welcome him as a member of my family. It was just three weeks to a day that Phelps came to my office at the bank and insisted on seeing me. To cut this recital short I may tell you that when Edna failed to get the money she wanted from me, she borrowed it from Courtney. He did not ask her what she wanted it for, but he had discovered its destination in another way. That was through a private investigation he had instituted with Driggs as its object."

Markwell paused here and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. I have seen distress on the faces of many men, but seldom the acute agony that this Chicago banker displayed.

"Inspector, Courtney's inquiry developed that Driggs is a notorious crook. The name Driggs is not his. In fact it was merely assumed for the Chicago occasion, for the man is known internationally as an exploiter of women."

For some time a suspicion had been running through my mind. This began to look much like the routine of "Handsome Harry" Burns. Pencilling this name on a slip, I sent a messenger downstairs to the Identification Bureau with it. In the meantime I turned to some other matters for the purpose of giving Mr. Markwell an opportunity to get command of himself. When the messenger returned with the record of Burns I laid the photographs before the banker. The man started violently, for at once his worst fears were realized. He was morally convinced before, but now the indubitable evidence lay before him, finger-prints, *dossier*, and two portraits, full face and profile.

"That is the man, may God help me," he groaned.

"A dangerous character, Mr. Markwell," I told him. "Irish and a graduate of Dublin University, he managed to get a commission in a British regiment. His conduct with respect to women was such that he was cashiered, and he went at once to Paris, where he came under the attention of the *Surête* for swindling a woman of title. Since then his record has been long and unsavory."

"Inspector," said Mr. Markwell, "the man is a low blackguard. He is now attempting to blackmail my daughter. I put myself in your hands when I tell you that I see no way in which my girl's reputation is to be saved unless you can help me. You may wonder why I have come to you, and not to the Chicago police. I can only say that the man is in New York today; that his demands have been sent from here; that he insists the money he wants must be paid here."

"You mean he wants still more than the five thousand dollars?" I asked.

"He now demands twenty thousand dollars," returned Mr. Markwell.

"On what ground?"

"He holds a dozen letters written to him by my daughter. These he threatens to turn over to a certain scurrilous sheet in Chicago. You realize what the publication of these things would mean to my girl, to say nothing of myself. In addition, Edna has confessed to me that she let this man have a diamond necklace that had been her mother's. It was to help him raise enough money to establish himself as a broker in St. Louis, his argument being that he could not properly marry her until he was in a position to support her adequately. For the sum I mention this man agrees to turn over the letters and the necklace.

"My girl has told me everything. Undoubtedly this man studiously plotted to put her in this position. Those letters were unquestionably written with the deliberate intention of drawing forth replies that could be construed improperly. They are nothing but the perfervid outpourings of a girl who believed herself to have found her mate. In cold type they would bear a wholly different construction."

"You have seen the letters?" I asked.

"No, only copies of them, typewritten. You must understand this man's last demand has been made upon me, and to back it up he sent me the copies. Inspector, I know my girl. She is high-strung, prideful, and very sensitive. I must find some way out for her. Otherwise, frankly, I fear she will destroy herself. What must I do? It is not the money. It is my fear that even if I comply with his demand he will not keep faith, and that this is but the first of a series of demands. Then, too, the thought of my dear wife's necklace in the hands of a rotter like that is intolerable."

Here was one of those cases that could not be taken into court. The very position of the people concerned

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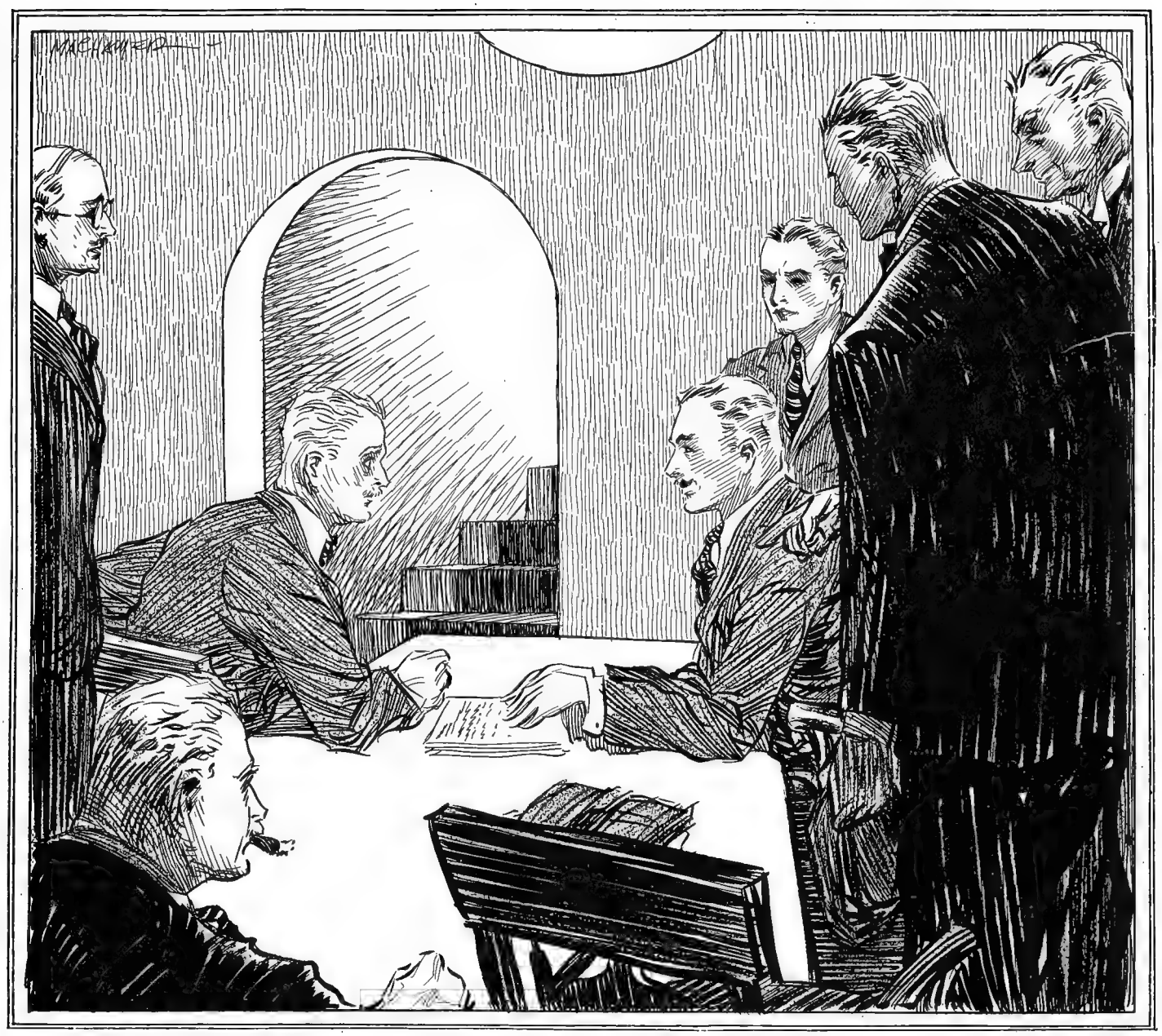

The crook spread each letter in turn on the table in front of him, and held it firmly with his fingers. Markwell read enough to identify each missive.

strengthened the crook's demands. Publicity was his threatened weapon, and court procedure is the most open form of publicity. If we should arrest Burns, charging him with the theft of the jewels, we would be playing directly into his hands. And we had nothing on the fellow to hold him on another charge. Besides that, I know the breed well enough to understand that he had made plans to take care of any police action. The letters were undoubtedly cachéd where they could be reached by a confederate. Blackmail is a punishable offense, but one must first prove the offense, and in doing that one may hurt the victim beyond repair. Great caution would be necessary, and I needed time to think.

"Where is Mr. Phelps?" I asked.

"Staying with me at the Yale Club," was the reply.

That evening I dined with Markwell and young Phelps. The latter was as clean and fine a youngster as one might wish to see, the type that makes an old chap like me wish there had been a son of my very own. I warmed up to that boy immediately. I liked his steady eyes. I gloated over the set of his jaw, and I took particular satisfaction in the breadth of his wrist and the set of his shoulders. We talked until nearly midnight, and when we had finished I asked young Phelps to walk downtown with me for a bit. I wanted a chance to develop an idea that was working in my mind.

"What is your personal feeling in this matter?" I asked the young man. "What action do you think should be taken?"

"Inspector Gregory," he said, "I'd take keen and particular satisfaction in killing a viper like that. Every instinct in me cries out to strangle him. I'd give everything I possess or hope to possess to get my hands about his throat, and I promise you——"

He stopped, choked with the ferocity that beset him, and I patted him on the shoulder.

"I'm a policeman," I told him. "And I sympathize with you. I think every decent copper comes to the point more than once in his career when he'd trade his chances for promotion to doff his uniform and

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transform himself into judge, jury and executioner all in one. This looks like that kind of a case. I'll promise nothing, but you bring Mr. Markwell down to my office tomorrow morning. I'll have a man there to meet you, quite unofficially. You take him somewhere else, tell him your story, and follow his advice if he has any to offer. I'll give what help I can later."

That afternoon I had sent three men out to get a line on Burns, and now I stopped in at the Waldorf to learn by telephone what they had turned up. It was little enough. The man was in town, living quietly at a respectable, small hotel on West Fifty-fourth Street. He had few callers, and seldom left his rooms, they were told, except in the evening.

Markwell and Phelps were on hand promptly in the morning. Also there was waiting one of the most interesting characters of my acquaintance. Never mind his name. He was formerly a first-grade detective-sergeant. Before that he had been a runner-up for the light-heavyweight boxing championship of the world. A year before he had resigned from the department for the purpose of opening a mission. Incidentally, he was attending the Union Theological Seminary in preparation for the ministry. Don't ask me how he amalgamated those varying interests. I don't know. I do know that he was one of the most resourceful men I ever worked with. I knew he despised a crook like Burns more than he did his concept of the devil, and I felt sure he could take action as an independent that we couldn't. Just for the sake of identity we will call him Dick Bell. He wouldn't answer to that if you called him by it, but it will do as well as another name.

Bell justified my faith in him, so far as resourcefulness went, at least. In one hour he had a plan worked out. In two he was seated across a table from Burns. I went with him, quite unofficially, again I must remind you.

"I have the goods and I intend to cash in on them," said Burns after Bell had stated his case. "You fellows cannot trim me, nor can you scare me. My lawyer will be here in five minutes, and I won't talk business with you until he comes, so let's discuss the weather."

His lawyer was a chap named Hendricks. He's dead now after serving a two-year sentence on old Blackwell's Island for conspiracy. As shifty and cunning a legal shark as ever disgraced a court-room, he was known as the "mouthpiece" of a round score of well-known criminals. I doubt if he had any clean legal practice. He took charge immediately on his arrival.

"This is a cash sale, boys," he began. "My client here has certain valuable goods he is prepared to part with for a consideration. That consideration is twenty thousand dollars. It's over-the-counter business. You pass over the cash, we pass over the goods."

"How do we know that the stones haven't been switched for phonies?" demanded Bell.

"Too dangerous, Deacon," replied Hendricks. "You ought to know that. My client has never dealt in stolen goods, and I won't let him start now. The diamonds were a gift, or a loan, and I bet the young lady won't go on the witness-stand and deny it. No, you'll get the stuff, and you'll have a chance to examine it."

"How about the letters?" queried Bell. "We'd like to know how many copies you had made and what became of those."

"One set only, and those went to Markwell," was the reply. "My client would not weaken his property values by sharing a secret. You should know that. No. This is a square deal, boys, and we prefer a quick sale. You know the terms. Markwell pays twenty thousand in cash and gets back the diamonds and his girlie's red-hot *billet doux*. The whole transaction's strictly on the level."

"Yes, just like a Coney Island switchback," snapped Bell. "When I see birds like you two pulling slime like this I feel that the Inquisition should be restored, and I'd apply for the job of chief inquisitor. How such swine can manage to live on the earth beats me."

"Never mind the compliments, Bell," said the lawyer. "Your record won't stand too much spotlight, you know. I know of at least two fixed fights, and——"

"You're a liar, you whelp," replied Bell, seizing the other by the wrist. "The only crooked thing I ever did in my life was to fall down on a case I had against you, and then I'd have put you through if it hadn't been that you had a square woman for a wife. No wonder she died. It would poison a snake to have to live with you."

Hendricks' eyes fell before the steady gaze of my old detective-sergeant, and he twisted his wrist out of the other's grasp.

"This is business," he muttered. "Will Markwell come through?"

"Under certain conditions," replied Bell. "One is that the transaction takes place at the Carnegie Trust Company. Another is that we have a jeweler present to verify the stones. A third is that the money is paid over by an employee of the bank."

"Witnesses, eh?" laughed Hendricks. "All right. Have the Inspector there, too, if you like. His hands are tied. We have just one demand. The cash is to be in small bills."

"To make the splitting easy, I suppose," I snapped at him. "I'll be there, Hendricks, just on the chance that you might step over the line in a moment of carelessness."

And we parted. We all met the next morning at ten o'clock at the trust company, and went down to a private room in the deposit vaults. Markwell had arranged that favor for us, and both he and Phelps turned their backs when Burns and his lawyer came in. They sat down and Bell went to the door, returning almost instantly with a special officer of the bank carrying a black bag. Burns had a long manila envelope and a morocco case.

"I want Mr. Markwell to examine those letters," said Bell. Burns looked at the lawyer and the latter nodded, so the crook opened the envelope, spread each letter in turn on the table in front of him, and held it firmly with his fingers. Markwell, very pale, read enough to identify each missive, and signified his identification. The letters were returned to the envelope.

"Now the stones," said Bell. "Look them over, Mr. Ryan."

The jeweler took the necklace in his hands, scrutinized it carefully through his eye-piece, and handed it back.

"Quite all right," he said.

"Put both envelope and case on the table under your hand," Bell demanded of Burns, and after an acquiescent nod from Hendricks this was done. Then Bell turned to the special officer.

(*Continued on page 73*)

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"The policeman stands before me as the citizen I might have been if the buttons on my coat were brass instead of horn."

The Policeman as I Know Him

What the Cop's Uniform Does for Him and What It Would Do for Me or for Any Man

As Told to Ada Patterson

By Irvin S. Cobb

The policeman is an average citizen, even as you and I, plus something that his uniform does to him.

I do not glorify the policeman. Neither do I disparage him. He stands before me as the citizen I might have been if the buttons on my coat were brass instead of horn.

Let me explain before I come under the shadow of a Jovian frown from Headquarters. When I was at the front with other war-correspondents during the World War, I ran from any sight or sound that menaced me, when I could. And a fat man can run as fast as any other man when he is afraid. I suffered that chill at the pit of my stomach that any other man experiences when he knows fear. The shrapnel that crashed through the air tore an imaginary, sanguinary path through my guts. I was as afraid as the next man. No more, no less.

Once I stood talking with an officer during an engagement. I was smoking. I am always smoking, except while I am asleep. I noticed that my pipe wagged up and down between my teeth. The pipe rose and fell with the trembling of my jaws. I kept on talking. I even contrived a smile, but it was as mirthless as the grin of death. I looked at my companion. The man with the stripes on his shoulders was smoking a cigar. His cigar wagged between his teeth. I noticed with joy that his cigar wagged in precise unison with my pipe. A little later when I looked at him joy moved out of my heart to make way for the new tenant, pride. For the cigar the officer was smoking wabbled oftener than did my pipe. The officer was afterward decorated

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for brave deeds—and deserved it. In fact he was one of the outstanding heroes of the great conflict.

We were both men of accurate information about the situation. We knew the actual danger we faced. We had imagination. We were afraid. But we kept on at what we were doing. He, surveying the battlefield and commanding his troop. I, observing and asking questions.

Every man is a coward. For every man is afraid. I have known ten thousand men. Every one was a coward. If he denied it he was, besides, a liar.

But the lesser coward is the man who keeps on.

The policeman is the man who keeps on. That is the something that his uniform does to him. It gives him his job. His job is to go into danger, knowing it *is* danger.

I have said that during the World War I ran whenever I could. But if I had worn a uniform I would have stood to be shot at. That is what a uniform would have done to me. My glistening buttons would have held me to my job.

Many years of wearing a uniform nerves a man to deeds of high courage. A policeman does not run from peril. He almost never quits.

That is a high form of courage, whether it be developed by the sheen of buttons or his pristine soul; particularly now, when shooting a policeman is the favorite form of outdoor sport practised by degenerate thugs.

Fifteen years ago we were startled when we learned that an officer had been killed in the discharge of his duty. Now we read with milder perturbation at the breakfast table that John Dooley was shot to death while trying to arrest a fleeing thief.

I remember some verses that Walt Mason wrote. You know his prose poems. A young policeman, stationed at Forty-Second Street near Tenth Avenue, New York City, saw a man killed by robbers. They were entering a store and shot the first man who opposed them. Another man called the policeman and offered a fight. He was killed. The policeman ran away. It was proven that had he gone into the store the second man's life might have been saved. He was taken to Headquarters. The buttons were torn off his coat and he was booted out of the building. Walt Mason wrote of the incident. The lines as I recall them were about these:

"But the world stood still
When a policeman fell."

That is the attitude of the world toward "The Finest". It stands still when one of the force fails; because the failure is so unusual.

The best policeman I have known stood at the door of the courtroom during the trial of Harry Thaw for the murder of Stanford White. You were at the trial. Don't you remember him? A fine-looking blonde giant? Of course a woman's eyes would focus upon his good looks. He was capable and conscientious, alertly on duty. He employed tact in admitting the right people to the trial and in keeping out the wrong ones. But it is not of his able discharge of that duty that I am thinking. It is of his disarming a maniac who was running amuck and armed, after killing two men. The policeman grappled with the fellow, wrung the pistol out of his hand and took him to jail. I think that policeman's name was Jack Barnabee. He is still living. I don't know where he is stationed at the present time.

I have worked considerably among the police. Former Commissioner Arthur Woods, former Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo and Commissioner Richard E. Enright are the greatest police executives I have known. Each has his particular background and excellence, but if I were told to speak or die I should say that New York has its greatest Police Commissioner in the present incumbent of that office.

Mr. Enright is still a diplomat. He could serve with distinction and with honor to his country at a European court. He would be a splendid ambassador. But also he knows the feel of the pavement beneath the soles of his shoes. He knows the stamp that crime has made on the face of the man who slinks into an alley when he hears the pound of a club upon the sidewalk. He knows the imminence of trouble when Mrs. Nivinsky engages Mrs. Murphy in debate upon the right of way of a firescape. He knows the path from the rookies' first rung of the ladder to the uneasy chair of eminence in the ugly, gilt-domed, graystone building on Centre Street, New York. Having been a patrolman is a valuable asset for a Commissioner.

Mr. Enright, too, is a pioneer. He has the gift of organization. That the subtle brain of women is functioning in the prevention and detection of crime and the protection of women and children from the soiling touch of the begrimed fingers of sin, is to be placed on the credit side of the ledger for him. I understand that New York has one hundred regular policewomen, as well as a thousand women police reserves. That is something to bid a crook beware.

His organization of the International Police Conference is the deed of a Solomon. For there are international crooks. They are more or less organized. There is need of an international police organization to meet them on their ground, which is likely to be any port of any city on God's footstool—a footstool that the devil often borrows for his own uses.

Let me say again that the policeman is the average citizen plus what his uniform does for him. And let me again revert to the war. When I returned from the front I was asked a thousand times by every person I met "What kind of people are the Germans?" I answered "What kind of a man is your delicatessen store-keeper? What kind of a man makes your shoes? What kind of a man is your tailor? The German soldier is each of those men in uniform. The only difference is that one has metal buttons instead of horn ones and wears a helmet instead of a derby."

We are likely to think that a man who does one kind of work is different from his fellows. He isn't. He is the average man who happens to be harnessed to that work.

It would raise the neighborhood morale if we would think of a cop not as something remote and to be feared, but as an average being plus the responsibility that his buttons breed in him. His groundwork is the same as ours, but the structure that rises upon it through slow years may become a noble edifice. Every act of world-called bravery is an added stone in the rising pile.

But responsibility is the touchstone of character. Give a person plenty of that and a working sense of it, and you won't have occasion to find much fault with him, be he the cop on our block, or Miss You, or Mr. Me.

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A Copenhagen Constable in winter uniform with service helmet.

Police Sergeant of Copenhagen wearing the official service cap.

A Roundsman of Copenhagen wearing raincoat and service helmet.

The Cops of Copenhagen

Throughout Denmark, as in the Capital City, the Police System is Effective and the Men Both Courteous and Efficient

By Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton *in collaboration with Acting-Captain* John A. Golden, *Lieutenant* F. C. Kruse *and Former Inspector* William T. Davis *of the Foreign Police Commmission, New York*

Illustrated with official photographs by the Copenhagen Police Department

We, the committee sent by the New York Police Department to study foreign police conditions and methods, had nearly completed our alotted round. The police system of Denmark, as exemplified by that of Copenhagen, the Danish capital, was the last to come under our observation. As we noted the stalwart men in their well-cared-for uniforms, and our minds easily took in the details of their smoothly-working organization, the impression overwhelmingly conveyed was one of being at home.

In all the countries visted we had been received with courtesy. Here in Denmark, it is true, to this courtesy there was added by our hosts a warm friendliness that could not fail to evoke an instant response from us. But this in itself could not wholly account for our mental reactions and we had, moreover, received somewhat similar impressions, though to a less degree, in certain other countries.

These facts set us to thinking; to formulating the results of our observations, made in the various countries to which our work had taken us. Eventually we arrived at certain general conclusions, agreed to by us all.

All civil police exist for a common purpose; that of protecting the persons and properties of citizens from the activities of criminals; and all, therefore must have many points in common. No two police forces, on the other hand, can ever be quite alike because dissimilar local needs and conditions will always interfere to prevent that. In some instances these differences are so wide that every police force in Europe, we decided, inevitably falls into one of two great classes.

At school we all learn history, or are supposed to learn it. To most of us, however, who have not specialized in that subject, great fundamental facts are all too apt to be lost in a maze of dates and events. This was brought home to us when we began to realize that

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the difference between the two classes of police was simply the difference between the two great civilizations that brought them into being; the civilizations which, for want of more exact names, we call the Latin and the Nordic.

To say that one class of police is better or worse than another would be absurd. Both serve their common purpose, and in most instances serve it well, though somewhat differently. Each is suited to the racial temperament of those who compose and employ it. Both are outgrowths of ages, like the civilizations themselves; but the Latin, of course, is by far the older of the two.

It is so old that it still retains distinct traces of the Moorish and other Asiatic civilizations which once, while threatening wholly to overrun southern and eastern Europe, for so long maintained a foot-hold there. Thus the Gendarmerie, the Caribinieri and similar corps are, in a manner of speaking, direct descendents of the Egyptian Mamelukes and their somewhat later Turkish contemporaries, the Janissaries; the latter, oddly enough, being composed exclusively of Christians.

Mamelukes and Janissaries were hand-picked fighting men. So were the Guards of Louis XI, and also Napoleon's *Corps d'Elite*. So now, in a great measure are both the Gendarmes and the Carabinieri. It is upon them that their respective nations mainly rely in times of real emergency. Municipal police of the Latin class are direct successors of village watchmen. They have been thoroughly adjusted to modern times, it is true. Their discipline and efficiency, undreamed of by their mediæval forebearers, would generally be most creditable to any police force. Nevertheless, in essence they are village watchmen still.

The Nordic civilization, younger by many centuries, practically began when the wild, blond tribes swept down from their frozen land upon a decadent Roman empire. The Latins long before had passed into an age of specialization; of professional soldiers—and frequently hired soldiers—among the rest. Among the Northmen, on the contrary, every man was a fighting man, and a good one, or else he was dead. Their kings, in the beginning, were men who had proved themselves to be more capable fighters than any of the others.

This age, of course, long has passed; yet, at least in so far as their police forces are concerned (their uniformed police, that is to say, for the detectives are quite another matter) the tradition still holds. The form of government seems to have little or nothing to do with it. In republican France, for example, the higher police grades are in effect attainable only by those of a chosen class. In Belgium, which, despite its prevalent language, is not Latin, and in Denmark, both of them kingdoms, any policeman with the requisite brains is encouraged to aspire to any rank that his service has to offer.

Former Police Headquarters in Copenhagen. This building has been abandoned for a large new edifice in another part of the city.

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One of the traffic semaphores at a busy corner in Copenhagen. They have only the "stop" sign. The "go" seems superflous here.

It was a striking instance of the manner in which this Nordic tradition persists which had given us that extraordinary sense of treading familiar ground. Copenhagen (which means "Merchant's Harbor") was a town in the year 1043, more than four centuries before the little ships of Columbus broke their anchors out of Spanish mud. The police of that city, and of its huge younger sister, New York, have had absolutely no influence upon each other. It is the Nordic tradition alone which has caused the two departments to develop, quite independently, along essential lines so similar as to be truly astonishing.

There are marked superficial differences, of course, between our New York customs and those of the Copenhagen police. This could hardly be otherwise. Copenhagen is not a very large city, as we reckon such things. It has only a little more than 575,000 inhabitants, and of these but twenty thousand are foreigners. Not more than 300,000 travellers pass through the place in a whole year. The city has less than thirty thousand buildings all told. The regulation of their vehicular traffic is a very simple matter compared to that which we have to face. Motor-cars are few. Their principal difficulty lies with reckless bicyclists, for in Copenhagen bicycles are as prevalent now as they were in New York three decades ago.

At the head of the Copenhagen municipal force is the "Policedirektor", appointed by the Crown. His rank, authority and duties coincide almost exactly with those of a Chief Inspector of the New York police.

Under him are 3 Inspectors, 11 Captains, 73 Sergeants, 87 "Sub-Sergeants" (corporals or roundsmen), 797 Constables (patrolmen) and 5 Policewomen; in all, 971 men and five women. Not a large force, certainly, but ample for their purpose nevertheless.

The three Inspectors, together with one Captain, 31 Sergeants, 25 Sub-Sergeants and 171 Constables are assigned to duty at General Police Headquarters, and so also are the five policewomen. The work here is rigidly separted into four divisions, as follows:

DIVISION No. 1.—This is the largest and most important. The Inspector in command not only is in charge of all the uniformed police of Copenhagen, but his division is subdivided into departments having control of

(a) Policing of the various markets.
(b) The "Veteriner" police.
(c) Inspection of all incoming and outgoing shipping and trains.
(d) Inspection of dance-halls, theatres, etc.
(e) Police guard of the High Court.
(f) Traffic regulations at all public gatherings.
(g) Inspection of the different police precincts.
(h) Inspection of all restaurants, which includes the owners and all the waiters.

For these purposes the Inspector is assisted by one Captain, 16 Sergeants, 25 Sub-Sergeants and 104 Constables. Of these, 1 Sergeant and 9 Constables are mounted. When occasion requires, this mounted squad can be increased to 32 men.

DIVISION No. 2.—The Detective Division. The Danish detective force somewhat resembles the French *Police Judiciare*. It is a national, and not a municipal affair.

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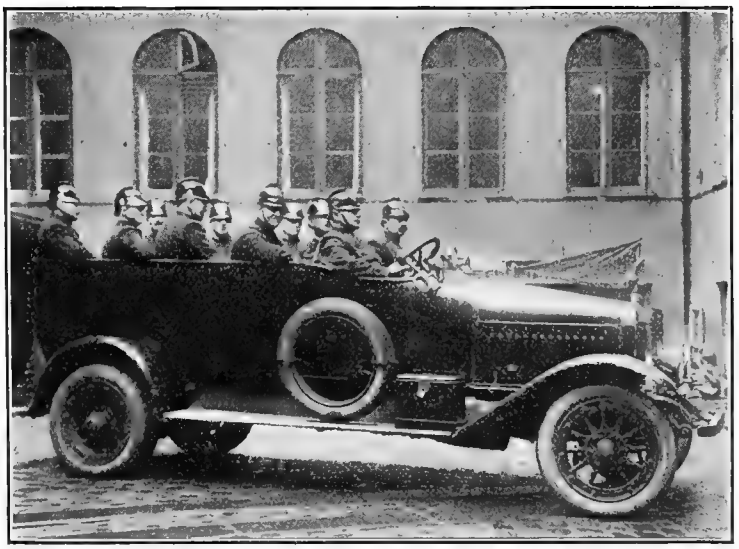
From one to seven detectives are assigned to each station house for work in that precinct, and one of the Constables is detailed, usually, to help them. Otherwise the two branches have few contacts.

DIVISION No. 3.—This division, under an Inspector, has principally to do with the public health. It inspects all shops selling meat and vegetables. It regulates all trades and trading which are, or which may become, in any way unhealthful. To this division is attached 9 Sergeants, 34 Constables and 2 Policewomen, all working in plain clothes.



One of a "fleet" of large open patrol cars used throughout the capital of Denmark.

DIVISION No. 4.—Miscellaneous work. Any work, that is, not covered by one of the other three divisions. This includes the segregation of the mentally unsound, the regulation of motor cars—registration, license, etc.—and matter given out to the press. It is commanded by an Inspector with 6 Sergeants, 23 Constables and 3 Policewomen under him.

The remainder of the force, with the exception of one Captain, is distributed among the nine precincts into which, for police purposes, the city is divided. In each precinct there is a station-house, just as we have here at home, but with differences; and some of these differences we might do well to copy.

In Copenhagen, as in New York, each precinct is commanded by a Captain. The number of men under him vary, ranging from 5 Sergeants, 8 Sub-Sergeants and 106 Constables in the Third Precinct down to 5 Sergeants, 2 Sub-Sergeants and 16 Constables in the Ninth.

A most important variation from our New York precinct organization lies in the fact that each Copenhagen station-house is a barracks as well. No one is compelled to live in these barracks, but any member of the police of that precinct may do so if he chooses. There he is given a large, airy and well-furnished room, which he shares with one comrade free of all charge. In return he is expected to turn out at any time in cases of emergency that requires a call of "all hands" (as he would have to do anyway, if he happened to be available) but that is all.

Under charge of the one captain not hitherto accounted for are the Police Schools. These are held in various precincts, and they serve a double purpose. They fit a man for promotion; and all promotions are made on merit alone. But he has also to pass two examinations within his first two years of practical service. If he does so, he is given his final certificate, and is a constable in good standing. If he fails to pass them he is dropped from the force.

The course of study lasts for two months each year, eight hours of every working-day. Of these eight hours, four are spent in classes. The other four constitutes a study period, but the student nevertheless is considered to be a part of the reserve of the precinct in which the school is held, and if the need should arise, he will be called out with the other reserves.

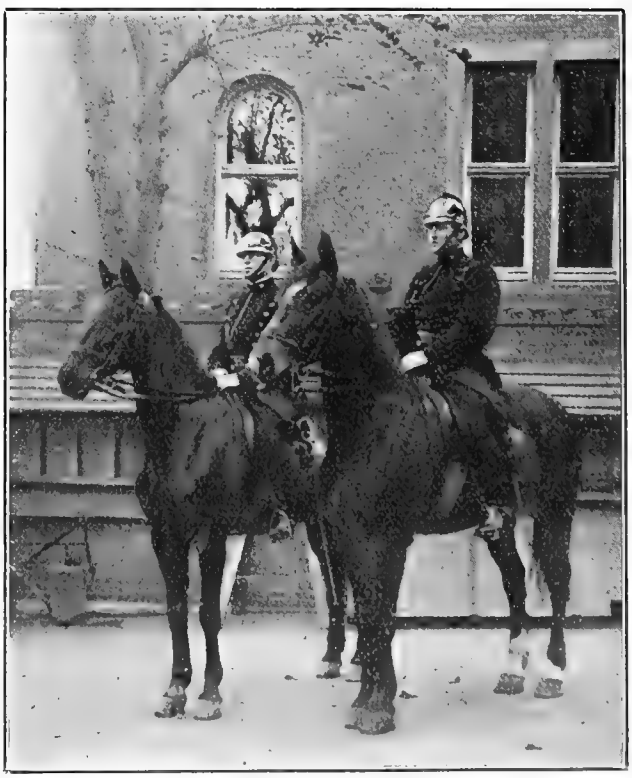
When the Danish aspirant for a policeman's career has won his provisional appointment, he is not required, as an American fledgeling cop would be, to furnish his own equipment. This is furnished to him, as follows:

1 Winter cloak.	Supposed to last for 3 years.
1 Frock coat.	" " " " 2 "
1 Summer jacket.	" " " " 2 "
2 Pairs trousers.	" " " " 1 "
1 Helmet.	

1 Cap.
1 Raincoat. (two for traffic police).
1 Leather chin-strap.
1 Rubber billy.
1 Whistle.
All necessary text-books.

The above are renewed when necessary, and in addition the Constable is entitled to five pairs of gloves each year. He is not furnished with a pistol on ordinary occasions, but for emergencies a number of Browning automatics are kept in the station-house.

In each precinct beside the man of the uniformed force detailed as an assistant to the precinct detectives, there is another plain-clothes squad of from one to seven men for the routine work of rounding up grafters, gamblers, beggars and the like; work which obviously would be nearly or quite impossible for uniformed men to perform.



Two members of the police horseguards. Their mounts are superb and the men are carefully picked for this service.

(*Continued on page* 91)

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"Dom all yachts", observed the chief engineer without heat. "Why can they no stay at hame, an' gie puir sailor men a bit o' rest?"

A Matter of Principle

When Captain Buckley Fell Victim to a Business Crook He Pinned His Faith to the Law of Retribution and Won Out

By Campbell MacCulloch

Illustrated by Eugene M. Frandzen

"If there's one thing that's certain in this world, Mac," remarked Captain Virgil Buckley, "it is that crookedness gets straightened out in the long haul."

"Bein' brocht up by guid reeligious parents I hae a grrreat respect for th' orderin's o' th' Almichty, an' so I'll no dispute ye, but I'm thinkin' ye c'ud get a grran theological argument fra an experienced policeman aboot th' point ye raise."

The last speaker was Donald McEachren, red-haired, gaunt, keen-eyed and with a sad disregard for appearances. He shaved when he felt like it, changed his linen on festal days, if he thought of it, smoked the worst tobacco on the Western Ocean, and took off his disgraceful felt hat to no man when it came to caring for a set of engines.

Captain Buckley, on the other hand, was the engineer's complete antithesis. Small, wiry, neat as a new pin in person and address, he disdained tobacco and strong drink. He had one gospel and that was cleanness and efficiency. A spot on a deck caused him pain, untidy dress annoyed him, and an unkempt ship was the bane of his existence. He was unhappy ashore, for he was born at sea, and his affection for McEachren was only equalled by the Scotchman's love for his captain. They quarrelled and fought when the occasion offered, but the saints themselves would have their hands full in protecting those who sought to take advantage of their personal differences.

Now they sat comfortably on the upper deck of a Staten Island ferryboat. Their destination was Tompkinsville, off which was anchored the steamer *Florizel*, due to sail that afternoon for La Guayra with a mixed cargo. Incidentally the ship herself had been salvaged, afire and abandoned off the Grand Bahamas, some two months before by Captain Buckley and his engineer after their own ship had sunk under their feet. The *Florizel* had been sold to satisfy the salvage claim, bought in by T. J. Tifft & Sons, rehabilitated, and her command offered to Buckley by the new owners. So much for past history.

Captain Buckley leaned back in his seat and gazed about the upper bay. He loved New York Harbor and always insisted that not even the famed haven of Sydney could really touch it for beauty, while the great bay at Rio, also possessing scenic advantages, yet fell

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far behind the home port. McEachren unfolded a newspaper he had drawn from his pocket and pulled quietly on his empty pipe at which a deck hand glared savagely as he passed. Suddenly McEachren grasped the paper and stared at it more closely. Removing the pipe from his teeth he allowed his jaw to drop open in amaze, swallowed twice and turned to gaze at the satisfied skipper beside him. With a shake of his head he turned again to read the paragraph that had attracted him, and then looked out over the rail as one who is astonished at the ways of Chance.

"Skipper," he said finally, "I disremember th' name o' yon concairn into whuch we invested our salvage money. Was it noo——?" He paused and Captain Buckley smiled gently without turning his head.

"The Calizona Development Company, Incorporated," he supplied with enjoyment. "A most excellent company, I am told, and one that will undoubtedly give us ten or twelve percent on our money." He spoke pompously, and as one who was quoting what another had said. The engineer remained thoughtful, glancing once again at the newspaper.

"An' we gie them a matter o' three hundred thousand, I'm thinkin'?" he inquired. "A matter o' eighty-five percent o' what we gleaned fra' the *Florizel?*"

Captain Buckley looked quickly at his companion.

"What's the matter with you, Mac?" he inquired. "Not losing your memory, are you?" His tone was solicitous. The other shook his head slowly.

"Not thot I ken," he replied sententiously. "Bu' I'm no so sure t'would no be a blessin'—in th' caircumstances," he concluded.

"If you're suffering from alcohol, by Gregory, I'll take particular pains to bash your silly face in," Captain Buckley observed with some heat. "You know my views on liquor, my man, and that I'm capable of enforcing them."

"Not a drop, skipper," replied the engineer mournfully. "I'm just recalling yer remairk aboot th' ways o' crookedness, an' th' inevitabeelity o' recompense. An' I'm no so cairtain, bu' it comes o'er me ye'll have th' opportunity for demonstratin' yer theory."

Captain Buckley gazed at his companion anxiously.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, whereupon McEachren shoved into his hand the newspaper he had been perusing. Captain Buckley's startled eye fell upon a two column headline which brought him up all standing.

SWINDLER FLEES IN YACHT
WITH MILLION IN LOOT

Calizona Company Promotor Eidlitz
Cleans Up And Departs
For Shores Unknown

INVESTORS LOSE EVERYTHING

The newspaper story tersely told the usual tale of a conscienceless sharper and a gullible horde of folk in too great haste to become rich to consider the safety of their investment. Oil, mines and land grants in the south-west formed the basis of the Calizona bubble. The prospectus spoke glowingly of golcondas, black gold flowing from the earth in streams, and cattle upon a thousand hills. Money had poured in, had been as swiftly expended in properties, and then when the dividends failed to materialize, Irving Eidlitz, the genius of the plan, rather than face the music, quietly departed in his great white steam-yacht between two days. He was known to have taken not less than a million in cash with him, and was believed to have headed south.

Captain Buckley was silent for a time after digesting the tale as set forth. Then he sighed, crumpled the paper into a ball and tossed it over the ferryboat's rail.

"Well, that's that, Mac," he commented philosophically. "I'm glad I paid up the farm mortgage, first, though. One thing, too, we'll be able to concentrate our minds on our jobs with more deliberation now that our cash is gone."

"Oh, aye," replied McEachren. "Ye're a gran' comforter, Skipper, I'll say that for ye. I doot me an' Job had ane as guid. But I'll be waitin' wi' a deal o' curiosity tae see hoo this bit o' crookedness gets straightened."

At five that afternoon the refurbished *Florizel* moved out through the Narrows, took her easy way down the Ambrose Channel and when she had passed the Hook, shoved her sturdy bows into the long swell that was rolling up from the south-east. Neither Captain Buckley nor the chief engineer of the ship again mentioned the matter of the disappearance of their money in the Calizona crash. They were shipmen and their job was plain before them.

When the vessel had passed the lightship Captain Buckley turned her over to Henderson, the mate and went below. Having changed his smart jacket for a lounging coat he called in Braithwaite, the second mate, and went over the ship's papers with him. Later he climbed on deck to stroll about with his hands behind his back. The wind was freshening and the *Florizel* was bowing easily to the waves, rising handily on the back of the great rollers, and dropping her bow with a soft smash as she skittered easily down the slope into the trough. Captain Buckley watched the vessel for a time in the growing dusk. There was satisfaction in his face, for the craft was well-found, and the shipwrights had done excellently by her. Spick and span in new paint and gear she pleased this competent man of the sea, and there was a faint smile on his keen, rugged face as he glanced aloft at the wireless antennæ swinging tautly between fore and mainmasts, with the lead dropping straight to the shack abaft the charthouse. As he looked, Meade, the operator, a youth of twenty or so, came out with a yellow slip in his hand.

"Thought this might interest you, sir," he said. "Picked it up from NAA, at Arlington."

Captain Buckley read a brief warning of a derelict schooner at sea. Loaded with lumber the schooner *Betsy Ross*, from Portland for Havana had been dismasted and abandoned four hundred miles south-east of Montauk Point. Naval vessels were in search of her for the purpose of destroying this menace to navigation. In the Atlantic drift the derelict might be anywhere from Nantucket south to Key West within a week.

Captain Buckley stepped up on the bridge, nodded to Henderson, and took a glance at the course. Then he looked swiftly at the helmsman. Halting behind the man the skipper watched the slight yawing of the *Florizel's* bow, and the way in which she responded to the wheel. He beckoned the mate.

(*Continued on page* 57)

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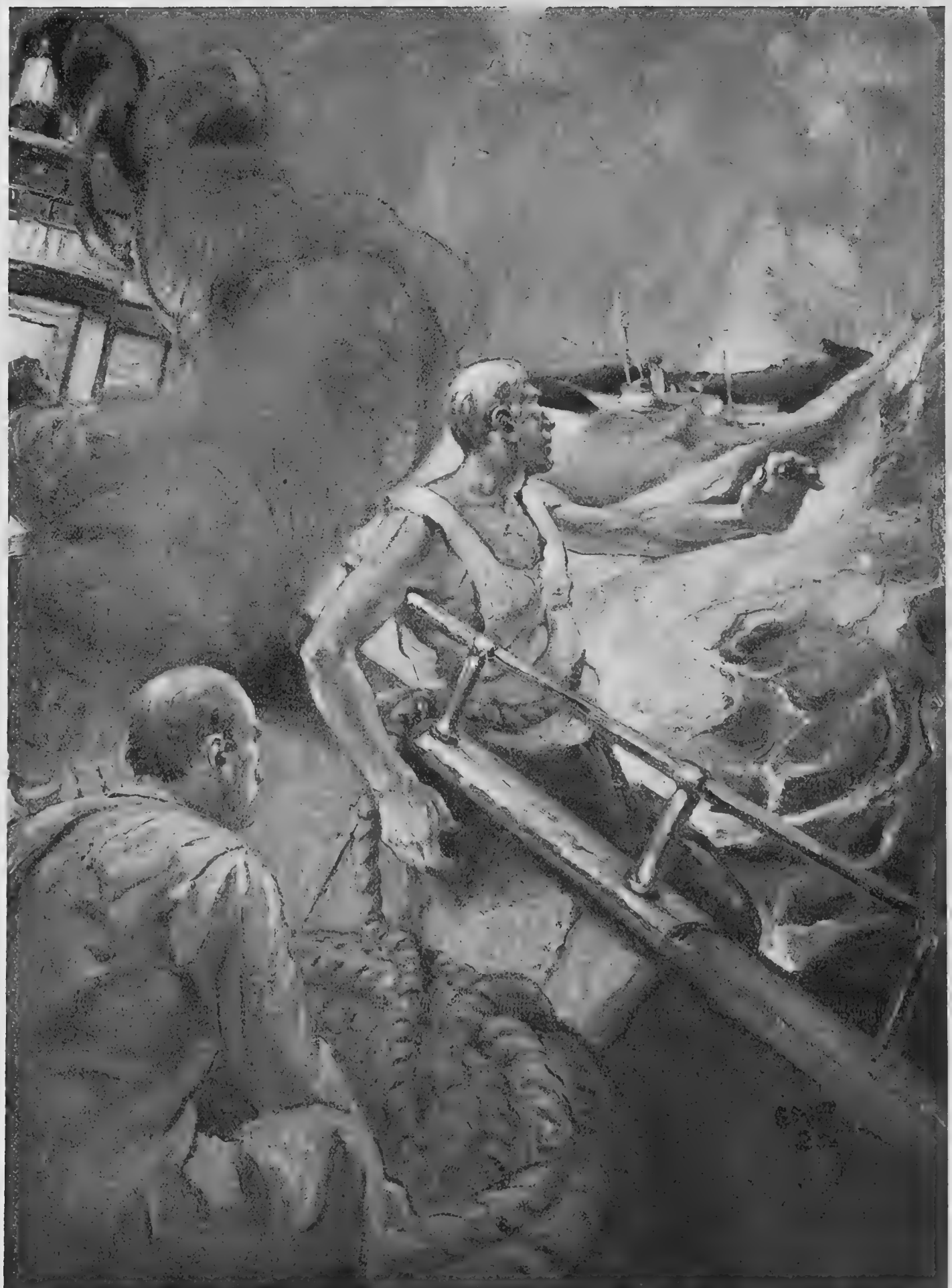

Those who have tried to swim in a heavy gale tearing the ocean up into boiling riot, may know the task Captain Buckley had set himself.

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¶ *The weapon barked once, as Brennan leaped forward. The two big bodies crashed together in collision. They fell heavily upon the sidewalk.*

Brennan's Cream Flannels

He Was a Husky Police Detective and He Knew No Fear, But When Maggie—Well, Read What Happened

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

DETECTIVE BRENNAN strode into the office of the Identification Bureau. The indolent swagger, which marked him as an "upper office man," was lacking. Unmistakably he was in haste.

The blue-clad officers on duty here looked up from their typewriters and card-indices at this debonair young giant, as he hurried among them, importunity written on his handsome face. They greeted him as he went by; he answered only by a wave of one large hand. His eyes were fixed on the sergeant in charge.

"Well, Tom, what's on your chest?" The sergeant put down the little wire-tipped pointer with which he had been counting the lines on a fingerprint, and looked up over his shoulder.

Brennan paused beside the roll-top desk. He saw the eyes of the other officers fixed on him. He smiled around on all of them, then down on the sergeant, a smile of ineffable complacency.

"Sorry for you lads, working here these nice days." His smile widened. "And me just goin' home to get acquainted with my family."

"Going to turn in your tools, Tom? I thought you were strong with the chief." The Bertillon man stopped on his way to the measuring-room long enough to deliver this sally.

Brennan continued smiling imperturbably. "Not yet. Vacation for me. Going to the country."

"Where are you going this year?" The sergeant voiced the inquiry for the others.

Brennan shook his head. "Sorry I can't tip the place off, Sergeant. You see,"—his manner became exaggeratedly confidential and included the entire room—"it's just a little village where a few of the best of us—bankers and business men, you know—take our rest. And—you understand how it is, of course—if we let down the bars once, it would become common."

"Going to crash in with that faro-dealer's front you're sporting today?" the Bertillon man inquired.

This sarcasm, directed toward Brennan's black-and-white striped raiment, brought joy to the rest of the room. But Brennan ignored it.

"Tomorrow morning," he said slowly and impressively, "I show in white flannels, just like the lads down in Burlingame when they line up to watch a game of polo." He chuckled. "You ought to see me when I put that suit on. It took my wife a week to pick it out. When I get into it, they'll take me for somebody with a title and make me pay my hotel bill in advance."

He waved his hand at the departing Bertillon man and nodded to the others. His smile gave way to the former look of haste; he fumbled in his pocket.

"Here, Sergeant, before something breaks that they'll want me to look after." He laid a slip of paper on the desk. "That's the memorandum. That fellow Kelly, booked to me and Sullivan—I made him this afternoon. He and his pal blew out here from Chicago two weeks ago to tear off some of the country banks. We ain't got a thing on him. All we can do is to show him to the watch and get him a floater."

He hurried on out, answering the good-byes which followed him.

Downstairs, he was stowing away his revolver and handcuffs in his locker, when another well-groomed Titan tried to buttonhole him.

"That boxman, booked to you and Sullivan—I think I can put you wise to where you can get a line on his pal."

Brennan slammed the locker door and thrust his keys into his pocket.

"*I* don't want him." He saw the look of surprise on the other's face. "I'm through with this place for two weeks." He started for the door and strove to find words to express the extent of his emancipation.

"Listen, now," he said over his shoulder. "If I was to see a bunch of yeggs kicking their way into the Hibernia Bank tonight, do you know what I'd do?" He paused as if waiting for an answer; then: "I'd walk up to them and kiss them on both cheeks. I'm off to the country, and anyone that talks crooks to me from now until the first of the month gets punched right in the eye."

With this declaration Brennan left his astonished associate in the Hall of Justice and hurried down Kearney Street to catch a car home.

It was the sixteenth of July. Until the morning of August first, Detective Sergeant Brennan was just Tom Brennan, or Daddy, according to what member of his family happened to be addressing him. The Hall of Justice would not know him.

For eleven months and sixteen days of the year he

(*Continued on page* 76)

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A Portfolio of Portraits

of Representative Police Chiefs of the World

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Berne, Switzerland

GENERAL E. O'DUFFY
Commissioner, Civic Guard,
Irish Free State

INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

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Principal Director Police Judiciary,
Brussels, Belgium

HON. JAMES MITCHELL, O. B. E.
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CAESAR E. ETCHEVERRY
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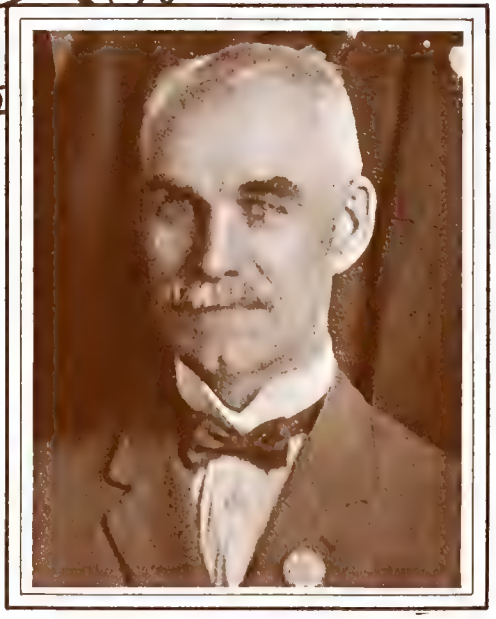
JOHN BYRNE
Head Constable,
St. Johns, Newfoundland



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There seemed to be battling within her the inherent desire to be loyal to her old-fashioned ideas of a wife's duty, and her feeling that Christoffer and the depositors should be protected at all hazards. She spoke some of her thoughts half to herself, half to me.

(See story: "He Was a Cunning Thief But—," on opposite page).

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¶ The Cleverest Crook always overlooks something— some little thing that lands him behind prison bars.

He Was a Cunning Thief But—

The Case of Henry Nagle of Cazadero is Notorious in the Criminal Annals of California

By Stanley Chapelle, *Detective*

Camera Illustrations by LEJAREN À HILLER

$100,000 ROBBERY

Bank Cashier and Church Deacon Vanishes with Loot

HENRY NAGLE THE MISSING MAN

He Disappears from Cazadero with His Huge Swag and Is Believed to Be Headed for Buenos Aires

SHORTLY after reading these headlines in an early before-noon edition of a San Francisco daily, a page called me to the long distance telephone in the Palace Hotel. That was on Monday.

"This is C. M. Christoffer, President of the Cazadero National Bank. My cashier, Henry Nagle, has disappeared with all our money. S'pose you read it in the papers. Yes, he must have left Saturday night sometime. Time-lock was set for nine this morning. When he didn't show up I opened the vault and found he'd taken everything. I'll give you ten thousand dollars if you find him."

"Excuse me, Mr. Christoffer," I replied. "Detectives of my supposed standing do not work for rewards nor for contingent fees. They sometimes offer rewards to stimulate police activities. I'll be glad to take up your case on my regular terms of so much per day and expenses, regardless of the outcome."

"All right," shouted the country financier, "I've got some jack left and if necessary I'll spend it all to catch this ungrateful hound. How soon can you get here?"

I glanced at my watch.

"Unless we break down, I'll be there in two hours."

"Can't be done," answered the banker. "Bet you ten to five you'll use up three hours at the best. Road's bum between Guerneyville and here."

"I'll take that bet Mr. Christoffer," said I. "See you later. Good-bye."

Smiling at the spirit displayed by this village banker who could joke in the face of a hundred thousand dollar loss, I called up my old friend Tim McCarthy, aviator at Marina Field, the old exposition grounds. Cazadero was seventy odd miles north of San Francisco. I asked McCarthy over the phone if he would take me to Cazadero in less than two hours.

"Yes," laughed Mack. "Twice, if you beat it down here fast enough."

Approximately twenty minutes later McCarthy's plane bore up high over Golden Gate towards Mount Tamalpias, and the Russian River country. Well within a leisurely hour's flying, we dropped as gracefully as the proverbial swallow on a sort of table mountain about a mile and a half south-west of Cazadero. This improvised "field" was often used by aviators from Varney and Marina Fields and was well-known to my pilot.

Before I had made half the distance down the side of Table-Mountain towards Cazadero, I could see an automobile coming to meet me, along a winding road, half trail. It was Christoffer, and he was alone. We decided to sit for a few minutes in the machine and discuss matters.

"First thing I'm goin' to do," said Christoffer, "is to pay you that ten I owe you." He handed me the money. "And I'll say this, if that's a sample of the way you do things, you'll gather in brother Nagle in short order."

Then he told me his part of the story.

"About fifteen years ago I instructed my San Francisco bank correspondent to get me one of the few honest men supposed to be on earth, to be cashier of my one-horse bank. Sometimes we have quite a bunch of money in there and sometimes we don't carry much. Anyway, my correspondent said he'd send me a chap who knew the banking business from A to izry; one who was bullet-proof as far as taking a nickel that didn't belong to him was concerned. So they sent up this fellow Nagle. He was then twenty-five, he said, and dressed like a dude. Now, I didn't particularly care for Henry Nagle when I first saw him; that is, he wasn't the kind of a man I'd make a chum of or anything like that, but what I was after primarily was a banker, a young banker who'd be satisfied to live out in a quiet country like the Sonomas. So I hired him. First he joined the church, then a couple of lodges, and right from the start up to his last minute in the bank, he was all

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banker. Yes, he could run a bank all right and so I left all that part to him, and looked after my ranch and my timber and stock and so on. He didn't drink, nor smoke, nor gamble. I thought it funny he didn't have at least one bad habit, but as long as he didn't, why, that was his business. I'm not much of a church man myself, but Nagle took to it like a duck takes to water, and the first year he ups and marries the belle of the village, Carrie Patterson, old man Patterson's pretty daughter. Gee, but she was a dandy girl and sure made Nagle a fine wife."

"Did she keep on loving him as the years went by?"

"U-m-m—you know how a man'll kind of sense things. I rather thought she didn't. Seemed like she sort of froze up. Used to be such a happy girl, too. She's bitter as the dickens against him now of course and no wonder. I saw her at their house last night. He's just simply left her cold and without a nickel. Cashed everything he had of his own. Told me he was making ready to buy an interest with me in the bank; but, cashed everything and only for the little home her paw and maw gave her when she was married, which is in her name, she'd be absolutely penniless. But she said last night, 'It isn't that, 'Stoffer—she always calls me 'Stoffer' or 'Uncle Stoffer'—it's the fact that he's played the hypocrite and beaten you out of all that money. I want him caught—more than you do, for those very reasons.' "

"Now this money that he stole," continued the banker, "about half of it represented the payroll of the Quicksilver Mining Company, which pays off once a month. They're located out here a few miles. And the balance of it belongs to a miscellaneous lot of depositors, ranchers and smallfry, including the church and Sunday-school of which he was treasurer, and two lodges for which he held the same job. Nice business ain't it?"

"Fine business," I answered.

"Well to make a long story short, my credit happens to be all wool and a yard wide in San Francisco so they're goin' to back me for this payroll money, and they'll also ship me out enough coin to pay off my depositors, should they howl for their money; they are doing it now, more or less. But, all this puts a crimp in me that the average man of sixty-five isn't likely to weather so well. All said and done, after the storm is over, old cock-eyed Charley Christoffer will be broke, or anyways all bent to hell. I'm not telling you all this just because I enjoy the sound of my own cackle, but because it gives you an idea of the kind of a man you're going to look for."

"And find," said I.

"You think so?" smiled Christoffer giving me his hand. "By George, I like to hear you say that Mr. Chapelle. I certainly do."

"I'll tell you why I say it. It's because I never heard of a lower, meaner, dirtier case of wholesale double-crossing in my life."

"Nor me," answered the banker. "Nagle's wife says he is the world's greatest hypocrite. But to hurry through my yarn. Ordinarily I go out to my ranch Saturday afternoon and because it's a country town we don't always close the bank on the dot. Since I've been leaving the whole shebang to Nagle, and he has a bookkeeper in there named Williams, who's one of our town boys, I never pay any attention to Nagle's comings and goings. But I'm always there week-day mornings when the Bank opens at nine o'clock. Well this morning I was there before nine as usual, and so was Williams our bookkeeper and time to open came around and there was no Nagle. I called up his wife on the phone and she got excited right away and says: 'Why, no, I haven't seen him since Saturday evening when he said he was going on a little trip to Santa Rosa and wouldn't be back until Monday morning; he said to tell them at the church so somebody could take his place. He didn't take a grip or handbag.' "

"Then, of course, I opened up the vault and the safe and found he had made a clean sweep of everything except some sacks of specie which I guess he thought were too heavy to carry. Now that's all I know except that he was always talking about what a fine country South America was, and once he got the church to bring a man here to lecture on that country and show some movies of it."

"Have you a picture of Nagle?"

Christoffer shook his head. "No sir. And do you know that son-of-a-gun never had his photograph taken? His wife says he was always against it; he claimed to be superstitious about portraits. I can describe him pretty well for you and his wife can tell you what clothes he wore and so on. That's the best we can do as far as I can see."

A talk with Williams the bookkeeper developed nothing except what Christoffer had told me. I then called on Mrs. Carrie Patterson Nagle, and found her to be a charming, sad-eyed little woman with pretty brown eyes and wavy hair to match. Her home was furnished in quiet good taste. She was a practical young matron of thirty-five. When Nagle came to our town from the city he became a local sensation because he dressed in the latest fashion. He was a city man and was an all around novelty. The girls all more or less tried to land him. And Carrie Patterson thought she loved him. He joined the church to which her family belonged to and appeared to be genuine and sincere. Her folks approved of him, in fact encouraged her to marry this young man who appeared to be on the road to success.

Gradually, Nagle's true character commenced to show until his wife knew him for what he really was—an arch hypocrite. Because he knew she was loyal and well-bred enough to keep her troubles even from her mother, he flagrantly did things on the sly, things their little public knew nothing of. He decried smoking and drinking in the church and in the bank and on the streets of the town, yet at home he drank heavily and in the last two years it had commenced to show on him in more than one way. Yet, he managed to keep it from the public, because he was afraid it would interfere with his ultimate scheme. He read salacious novels and cheap fiction, keeping this depraved taste also from the public. In fact no one knew anything against Henry Nagle, except his wife. Although people in general did not like him particularly, they did not dislike him. He was to them simply a business automaton, a machine, and yet, to them a good church member. Children and dogs did not like him.

The best personal description I could get from Mr. Christoffer and Mrs. Nagle, summed up, was about as follows: Henry Nagle was 40 years old, five feet, ten inches tall and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. He had light-brown hair and eyes, light-brown mustache and a Van Dyke beard which hid most of his face. His beard grew clear up onto his cheek bones. His eyebrows were medium in size and grew together over the nose.

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The sacks had been manufactured at the San Quentin penitentiary. Nagle divided his load, carried one over his shoulder and dragged the other one—the sacks which contained the hundred thousand dollars of stolen money.

giving him an owlish look. His ears were large, thick, outstanding and crocheted in the upper portions of rims. His build was slender with shoulders sloping as well as rounded. He wore number 10 shoes. Hands, large with blunt fingers. Peculiarities: Habit of wetting his lips with tongue, a stylish dresser, he walked with an exaggerated or unnatural dignity. When last seen he wore a blue serge sack suit and a pearl gray fedora.

"What about this Buenos Aires business, Mrs. Nagle?" I asked her. "The papers mentioned it and Mr. Christoffer told me of your husband's interest in South America."

"I used to think he was in earnest about it," replied the young woman. "Now I think he was only saying it for effect so that when he got ready to run away they'd look for him in the wrong place."

"Mrs. Nagle," said I, "is there anything you know that no one else knows, that you think might help me in my hunt for Mr. Nagle?"

(*Continued on page* 94)

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EDITORIALS

A Sane and Practical Plan

In our larger cities it is no secret that the least efficient and most seriously congested courts are those dealing with minor offences of the law. Being one of the most prolific of all law-making nations, we automatically, because of temperament or natural cussedness or what not, become one of the most earnest of law-breaking nations. Anyone, for whatever reason, who has had occasion to attend a session of a police magistrate's court in any city of the first-class will bear instant testimony to the appalling waste of time and money there demonstrated. If ever there was need for relief from a condition which is both unjust and intolerable, that need is most apparent in these courts.

In another section of this magazine appears a recommendation by the Police Commissioner of New York City which should have the careful attention, not only of judicial and police officials, but also of every citizen, whatever his status in the community in which he lives. This recommendation, already operating successfully in the larger cities of South America, is that certain police officials shall be equipped with minor judicial authority to hear and determine cases of a certain character. In other words, on arrest for certain offenses for which modest fines are usually imposed, in place of being locked in a cell, admitted to bail or not, or more indirectly summoned to answer for misdemeanor, the accused is immediately arraigned before the appointed police officer, and his case determined then and there, if the accused so elects. Otherwise, and under certain conditions, he passes on to the jurisdiction of the established court.

In his introduction of this plan the Commissioner hints that the plan may not find favor with certain individuals, and it is not difficult to guess their rather general identities. The police court lawyer and the professional bondsmen may be expected to fulminate rather frothily and ferociously about the grievous danger of opening such attractive doors to possibly venal police officials. It is even conceivable that the politician might essay a little improper capital over such an arrangement, and one can imagine the shock such a potentiality might cause the two classes just mentioned.

The Police Commissioner has evidently thought the plan through in thorough manner before he recommended it, and careful consideration finds no possibilities of injustice or crookedness that are not already offered by the present system. And no one need doubt the tremendous saving in time and money that such a plan will effect. The recommendation itself makes that abundantly clear. There is at hand no definite figure setting forth the percentage of minor judicial cases where the fines imposed are under $25, but it is easily conceivable that these must represent a high proportion of the cases heard. Then, too, the cases that are dismissed without the imposition of any penalty, or with a warning, must bulk large in the daily magisterial grist. All these, under the suggested plan would be disposed of without coming near the courts. Indeed in many instances the whole incident from initial arrest to disposition would require few more minutes than are now needed hours.

Too frequently under our present system is given the opportunity for crass injustice and the imposition of unmerited punishment all in advance of any determination of guilt or innocence. An arrest is frequently made because the law leaves the policeman no other course when a definite charge is made, and the accused is booked at a police station and, if the courts have closed, conveyed to a cell where he remains until the morning. True, bail is allowable, if procurable, but all too often it cannot be had. And then comes the weary waiting in court, where it is not uncommon that some individual case may not be reached until well into the afternoon. And in any event whether a penalty be imposed or the defendant discharged, distressful punishment has already been inflicted, and often unjustly inflicted, and to an extent altogether disproportionate to the offence itself.

Under the present system there is no remedy for such injustices. With the proposal of Commissioner Enright full opportunity is given for satisfaction to the law and for justice to the individual, and both without the imposition of pre-punishment. On several days in the early part of the present year Traffic Court on Mulberry street in New York City was so jammed with offenders against the law that the Magistrates, fearful that the floors would collapse, were forced to order the building cleared. *Over fourteen hundred offenders had been summoned to appear in one day.* It is not conceivable that adequate hearings and unbiassed judgment could be meted out in each instance, to say nothing of the monetary losses that must have been incurred. Probably ninety per cent of those cases would have been satisfactorily disposed of by precinct officials under the plan proposed.

Some community will doubtless think well enough of the proposal to give it fair trial, and this magazine would welcome comment on the subject from any experienced source. As most emphatically demonstrated in the operation of federal affairs, economy in administration lies most frequently in the intelligent use of existing methods rather than the introduction of radical substitutes.

Concerning a Birthday

It is related of Lord Balfour that at the Paris Exposition of some forty years ago he, with an acquaintance, examined with deep interest one of Mr. Thomas A. Edison's new phonographs. The friend was captivated, but his utilitarian nerve was not greatly touched.

"Yes, most remarkable," was his comment, "but of what use is it?"

"Use?" exclaimed the then Mr. Arthur Balfour. "Use! Of what use, pray, is a new-born babe?"

That may seem a far cry to the modest mention of our first birthday, just reached, but looking back over the strenuous year that has slipped by, and perceiving the growth that has attended the infant magazine since its nativity in May 1924, we feel inclined to be lenient with one, who might, looking at the new-born infant of ink and paper, have ventured a question as to its usefulness.

With this issue POLICE MAGAZINE enters upon its second year, and we feel we have reason to be grateful to those

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individuals and to those institutions that have made the publication the sturdy infant it has become. The initial issue was a modest affair of relatively few pages. Some advertisers had faith enough in it to bestow their patronage. The question of its purpose, save for an enlightened few, was felt to be entirely local. In a word, POLICE MAGAZINE was deemed to be the organ of the New York Department. In the minds of its sponsors, however, the new publication had a greater significance and a wider field. How wide few knew. Its beginnings were modest indeed. The number of copies printed of the first few issues were not madly purchased by an excited public. The present issue is 50,000 copies. At first the circulation was little more than local. Today its subscribers are found in every civilized country of the globe. At the outset its advertisers felt they were conferring a favor. Today they recognize the magazine's tremendous trade-pulling power.

POLICE MAGAZINE has carved a definite niche for itself, not only as the official organ of the greatest influence in behalf of human safety that the world has known—The International Police Conference, meeting here in New York City this month—but because of the quality and surpassing interest of the material it is enabled to present its readers. Within the short span of its first year of life this magazine has printed the expressions of many persons of national prominence, indeed some of international renown. The list of its contributors might well be gleaned from *Who's Who*. Among them we find Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York; his recent opponent in the political contest, Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt; Richard Washburn Child, our recent Ambassador to Italy; Hon. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University; Sir Thomas J. Lipton; Thomas Alva Edison; Hon. James J. Davis, U. S. Secretary of Labor; Booth Tarkington; Edward W. Bok; James Oliver Curwood; Courtney Ryley Cooper; Irvin S. Cobb; George H. Lorimer; Walt Mason; H. C. Witwer, Hon. Joe Mitchell Chapple—a host of other notables.

It is seldom indeed that a fledgling publication has come so far in so short a time. Infrequent, too, that the greatest newspapers and magazines should find it desirable to quote so freely from its columns, and so on the occasion of beginning its second year POLICE MAGAZINE feels the urge to express its gratitude to all those who have made this progress possible.

Hail to the Chiefs!

FOR one crowded week, from May 11th to 16th, inclusive, New York City will see upon its streets the stalwart men in whose efficient hands is the preservation of law and order throughout the civilized world. Never before have the great executive cops of the nations gathered in such numbers in one place, and seldom if ever before have the members of a single organization displayed such an array of splendid physical manhood. Here, naturally, is every type of the male physiognomy, and yet in nearly every face one finds a happy commingling of geniality and forcefulness.

It goes without saying that the man who has to deal, day by day, with the human brute and the morally deficient, develops a certain cynicism and a hardened sophistication; one does not, perforce, meet with mental perversities and grow too amiable. In the case of the world's police chiefs it would be foolish to look for the preacher's gentleness of spirit and the slim physique of the average sheltered citizen. But though the tasks of these foremost man-hunters, who have looked upon crime in its most revolting phases, have steeled themselves against the more delicate sentimentalities and developed themselves muscularly, they are essentially human. The rottenness of twisted human nature has not destroyed their sense of humor, has not stilled their ready laughter nor calloused their generous impulses. Here are true men, the soldiers of peace, upholders of the social fabric, heroes without a swagger. It is good to look upon their faces and welcome them within our gates.

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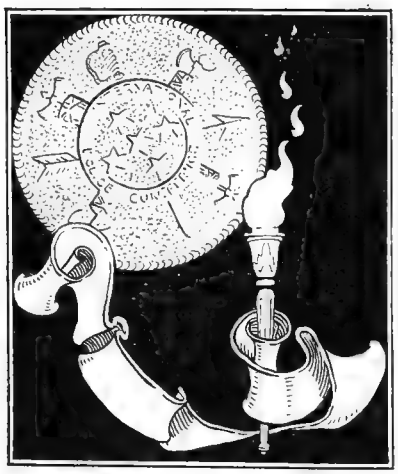
Grown in five years from the original few hundred of pioneer members, the International Police Conference assembles this month practically one thousand strong.



From its beginning the I. P. C. has been the premier police association of the world. Men from the globe around are gathered now to perfect their union against crime.

International Police Conference Characters and Ideals

The Vital Significance of the Great Gathering of Police Chiefs from over the World

By Errol E. Hart

THERE is interesting history back of the present-day success of the International Police Conference. Like many other great institutions it had its beginnings in small enterprises. Back in 1920, when the pressure of the war years lightened on his shoulders, Police Commissioner Enright of New York found opportunity to put into practice an idea he had long entertained. That was to arrange a police confederation, so to call it, for the scores of departments of the smaller cities surrounding the metropolis.

Within fifty miles of New York there are half a hundred police organizations ranging in size from that of the big city of Newark to that of the smallest "one-man" town on the Hudson. These cities lie in three states and their police forces work under widely varying laws, yet they all face a common enemy. This is true for them to an even greater degree than it is true for all police. For the police of New York and its surrounding towns deal with exactly the same lot of crooks.

The thief from New York's west side who decides to take a chance with another crime can slip into the Hudson Tubes and in ten minutes be in an alien country in Jersey City or Hoboken. There, under old conditions, his fingerprints and record would not be on file and he would not be known to the detectives. There, again supposing the old conditions, he ran practically no risk of being caught by the police before he could commit the crime he had in mind and also he ran small risk of being identified through police photographs or fingerprints after the commission of his crime and his escape.

Similarly the drug addict from West New York or Bridgeport could take an automobile and run into New York City in an hour and there utilize his drug-given courage to commit some outrage; and he, too, would run a comparatively slight chance of being apprehended unless he had the misfortune to be caught in the act. Such were the old conditions, happily now completely changed.

These illustrations serve to typify the conditions that today exist—though in steadily lessening degree thanks to the International Police Conference—between cities farther removed from one another than are the communities of the Metropolitan District about New York. They paint the need for the Conference; the situations that bring men from the far ends of the earth to New York to find measures that will offset the advantages that modern transportation is giving to the criminal. There is a reason for the long trips these men are making and that reason is found in the facility with which the international crook can leap out of that bailiwick in which his face and his fingerprints are known and hop into a jurisdiction where he is on apparently the same footing as any honest burgher.

For New York's west side and Newark substitute Manchester, England, and Cleveland, Ohio, and the illustration given in the foregoing remains sound. For, Bridgeport and New York City substitute Montreal and Baltimore, three days' drive away, and the second illustration is transformed from a lesson in history into concrete modern possibility. But it remains only a possibility; the crook cannot today cash in on it as fact. He can make the leap from Montreal to Baltimore, he can even

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so disguise his face as to become unrecognizable, but he can't get away from the agents of the International Police Conference by either deed. The connection between Montreal and Baltimore is now so close that the least slip by the swiftest of crooks will enable Baltimore not only to capture the criminal but to identify him as a previous offender from the Canadian metropolis. A man can successfully flee from his friends and foes, and even from his own face, but he cannot free himself from his fingerprints.

The condition outlined had been conspicuous for years among the drawbacks to police work about New York, so, when a surcease in war-time burdens gave him opportunity, Commissioner Enright was inspired to end it. He organized the Metropolitan Police District to which all of the departments for miles around gave adherence the moment it was proposed. Within a great circle drawn about New York City every police organization, city, rural or state, was linked for the purpose of mutual aid and assistance. So thorough was the system that the Lieutenant of Police on duty at headquarters in Danbury, Connecticut, could lift his telephone and instantly warn every city from Danbury to New York, and over beyond the Hudson, down through Jersey as far as Bound Brook, of the escape of a band of automobile bandits, of the theft of a fine sedan or of a flight by train of a pair of burglars.

The efficiency of this alliance between the police forces manifested itself so quickly that Commissioner Enright was encouraged to widen its horizon in a manner he long had contemplated. He put the situation before Mayor Hylan in 1920, with the result that an invitation was issued to mayors and police chiefs of other cities over the whole nation to gather here and form an effective police alliance under the name of the National Police Conference.

When that new-born organization met in New York in 1921 the first steps toward a real police association (one with a bite to it) were taken. So enthusiastic were the delegates over the possibilities of a real work-together police organization that it was decided after a second meeting in 1922 to enlarge the enterprise into the International Police Conference of today. So the first meeting of the greater organization that now ties the most distant cities of the world, precisely as New York and adjoining Jersey City were tied in the original Metropolitan District plan, was held in 1923. From the day of the first small alliance around New York the organization has been growing, expanding, taking in territory after territory. Commissioner Enright's vision in the first place was of a great organization, but he was inspired to move step by step, to prove each move by its results. How well both the vision and the method have been vindicated is attested by the constant accretions to the organization. No week goes by but several new departments are added to the growing list of the International Police Conference.

It is a greatly expanded International Police Conference that meets in New York this month of May. Grown in five years from the original few hundred of pioneer members, it assembles this year practically one thousand strong. Most of the civilized nations of the world and almost a thousand cities of America are represented.

The Conference's great work of uniting the police of the world for public protection has grown with the size of the organization. From its beginning it has been the premier police association of the world; today it is actively functioning as the official tie between thousands of police departments from the Balkans westward through the western world and across the Pacific into the Far East. Its American members represent each only one department, but each Conference delegate from Europe, South America and the trans-Pacific lands speaks for dozens, in some cases hundreds, of departments scattered through his nation. To all of these the work of the conference in compiling a police code, in standardizing traffic signs, in conducting the world's only international Fingerprint Bureau and in furthering police co-operation in every way, has been of great assistance since the adjournment of the last Conference in 1923.

Now comes the time for reassembling, for the further cementing of the bonds of friendship and association already formed in the Conference. At this year's meeting these men from the globe around will strengthen the co-operative bonds that will enable them to perfect their union against crime. They fight a single foe, the evil in human nature, and now, thanks to Richard E. Enright's inspiration in forming this Conference, they present a united front.

The roster of the nations represented has grown from day to day. The number of the nations taking part in the Conference exceeds the estimated forty. And, as has been pointed out, each national delegate from abroad speaks for a great mass of municipal departments behind him.

Men of great importance in the police world, men of great importance in the world at large, are among the delegates. Here is, for instance, Police President Johann Schober of Vienna, Austria, who in a sharp six weeks' struggle ended the Bolshevik attempt to overrun Austria, as Russia and Hungary had been overrun. It is not too much to say that Johann Schober and his thirteen or fourteen thousand men have been the backbone of the Austrian Republic since that day. He has made and lived a deal of history, has this chief of the Viennese police. It was not until April 15th., that he was able to cable President Enright his acceptance of the invitation to the conference. President Schober is additionally important in the police world as the head of the European Police Conference which met in Vienna two years ago and drew to its discussions representatives of most of the German and east European cities.

Of great importance also, is the fact that Germany and France are this year represented for the first time in the conference. Dr. Hermann Emil Kuenzer, Reichskommissar in the German Ministry of the Interior, and two big men from the new "green" Police in Berlin, besides the chief of the Hamburg police, represent Germany, while from France comes the personal representative of the Director of General Safety in the Ministry of the Interior. M. Delange, General Controller of Judiciary Research, represents his chief.

The officials from Berlin are Commander Kauppisch of the Berlin Safety or "green" police and Dr. Weiss, chief of the Criminal Police; in our terminology the Chief of Detectives. It has not hitherto been possible for Berlin to spare even a minor official for a distant conference because of the unsettled conditions there. That the new Police President there is sending the Commander of the Uniformed Force and the head of the detective division is ample proof that the importance of this Conference is realized by the German police organization.

Great Britain is to send quite a delegation to the Conference. Gen. Sir William Horwood, Commissioner

(*Continued on page* 105)

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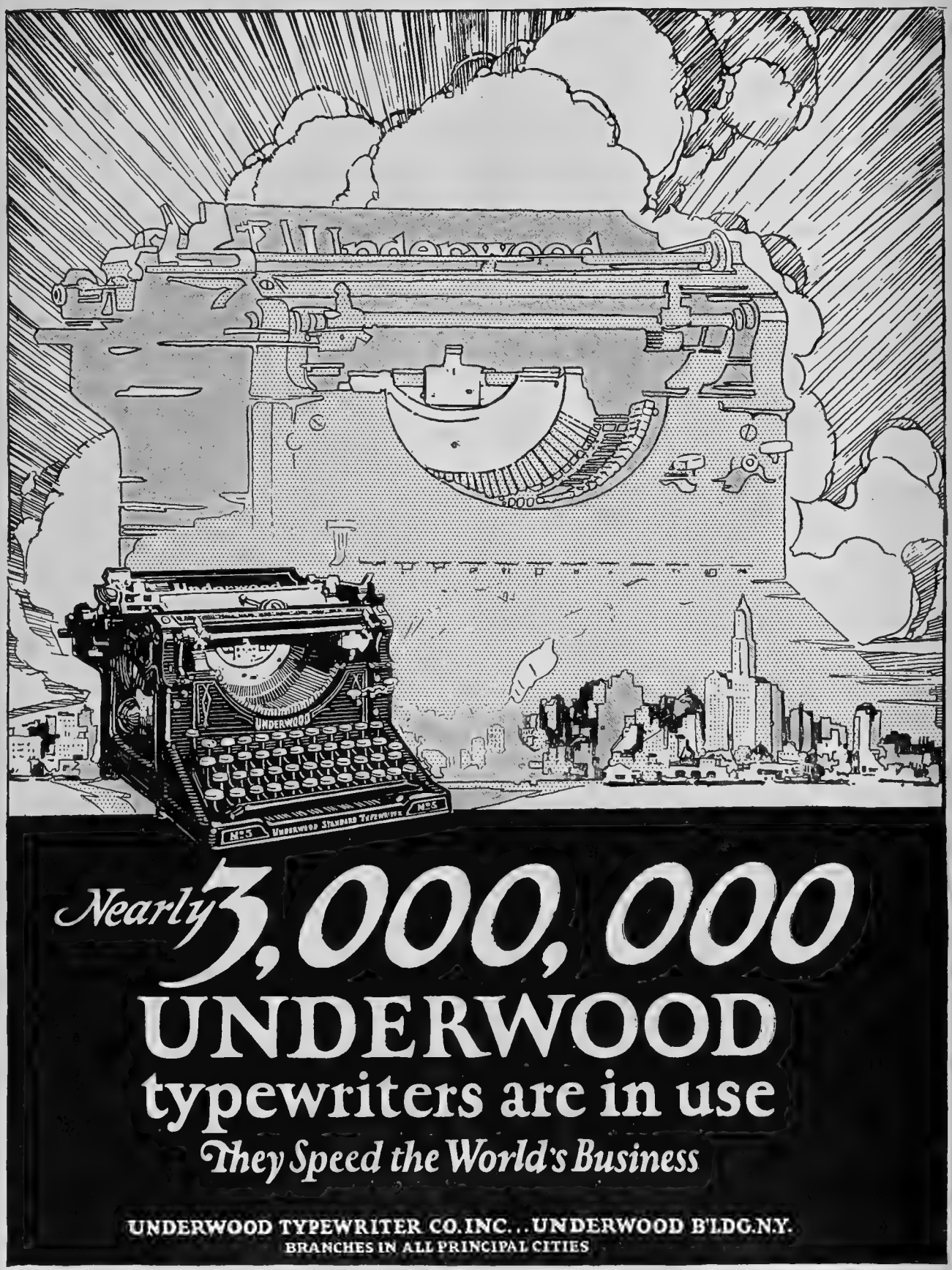

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A Matter of Principle

(*Continued from page* 30)

"Watch that man," he cautioned. "If he can't hold her put another hand with him."

He stepped into the chartroom and looked at the barometer.

"Thirty and falling," he muttered and on deck once more looked aloft. The light had failed and in the north-east a few stars shone. To the south, however, they had disappeared. He went back to the bridge.

"Glass's falling," he observed to the mate. "Looks like some dirty weather. Better see everything made fast, Mister," he went on. "About that helm?"

"She steers hard, Captain," replied the mate. "It's not the man. I took her myself to feel her out. There seems to be a slack somewhere."

Captain Buckley's brow wrinkled.

"Not so good, that," he muttered. "Well, keep an eye on her."

Quietly he made his way astern, and finally stood leaning over the taffrail. In the darkness only a slight creaking was apparent above the swish of the wake.

By eleven o'clock the wind had freshened to half a gale and Captain Buckley had shifted the course to the eastward for the purpose of getting more searoom. He turned in at midnight, but was on deck again at four in the morning. The ship was pitching heavily into giant combers, and the wind was easily blowing fifty miles an hour. Braithwaite had the deck and Captain Buckley spoke briefly with him about the course, and then stood beside the wheel, at which two men now labored.

"How does she feel?" he asked one of them.

"Slow in coming up, sir," was the reply.

"Like what?"

"As if somethin' slipped, sir," was the somewhat puzzled answer, and his companion nodded.

With McEachren and the boatswain Buckley again went aft to consider the helm, but nothing could be learned, save that now and again, at fairly regular intervals, there was a sound that resembled a dull thud.

"Might be th' rudder-head loose," suggested the boatswain, and the Captain nodded.

"Better get your outboard tackle rigged," he said. "If the head goes we'll have to pulleyhaul her. Sweet prospect!"

At eight in the morning the glass had dropped to 28, and the wind had risen to a point where it was whipping tons of water from the wave tops. The standing rigging sang with a steady humming, and the ship shivered throughout her length when an extra big comber struck under her forefoot.

At six bells a twisting sea caught the *Florizel's* tail, there was a crunching sound from astern that could be heard above the roar of the wind, and the wheel spun idly as the vessel began to fall off into the trough.

"Head's gone," yelled Braithwaite, and the mate grunting, tore aft with six men. Tackle had been rigged from the heavy ring on the rudder blade to stout belaying-cleats on either side of her counter. Four-ply blocks gave sufficient purchase for handling by two men on each tackle, and before the ship had rolled twice in the trough she was being brought up on her course again. But steering a heavy ship in a gale of wind by such means is one of the hardest tasks at sea.

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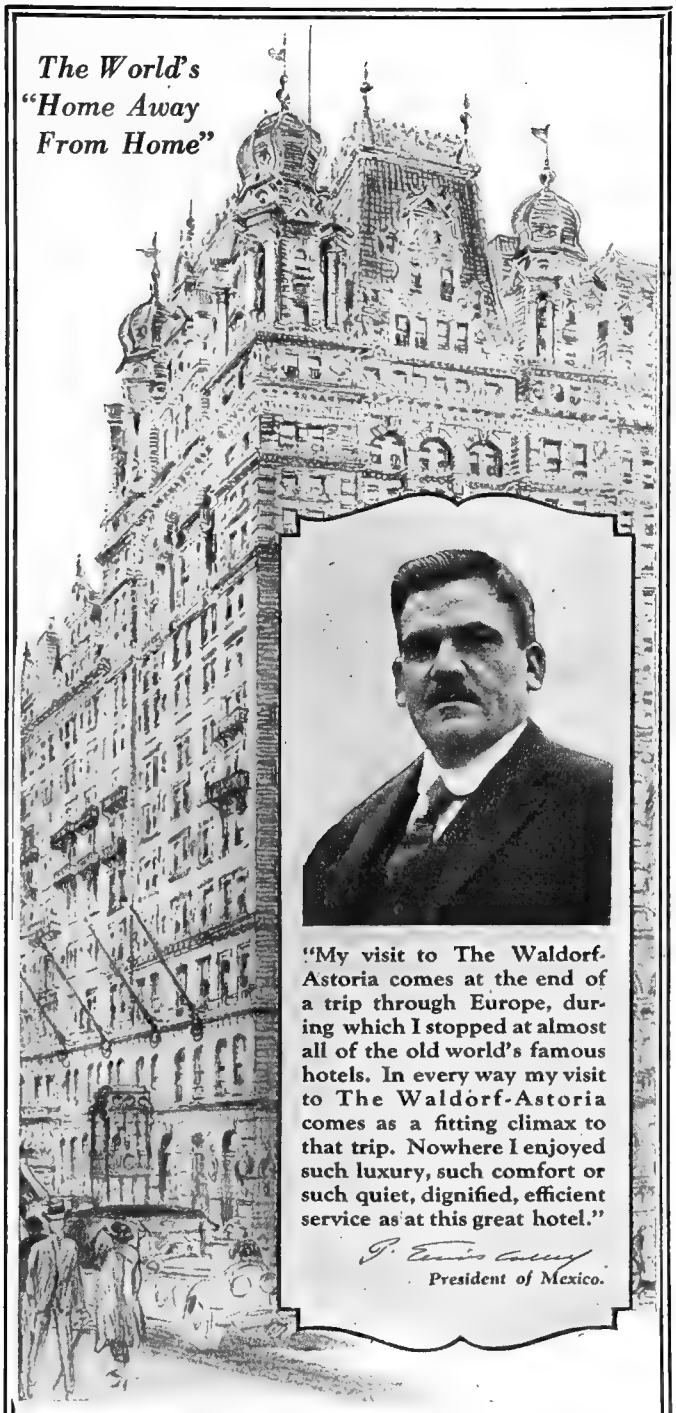

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"I'll be extra double dashed if I can see much joy coming our way, Mac," said the Captain as he watched the ship claw her wavering way up one watery hill and down another. "And man, but I'd love to get a hand on those blighters that overhauled that steering gear."

Hour by hour the gale increased, and more and more strenuously the *Florizel* tugged at her steering-tackle until the men handling it had to be relieved every hour. When night had come again the crashing of the sea had become terrific. Tons of green water smashed down upon the ship's decks, and swept them clear of everything not thoroughly lashed down. She was taking the waves solidly over her bows, and aft the men at the steering tackles, lashed in place though they were, were often half drowned by the cataracts which swept the ship from stem to stern.

At midnight young Meade clawed his way along the deck to the bridge with a slip of paper.

"S.O.S., Captain," he cried above the storm. "Best direction I could get. Seems ahead of us, sir."

Glancing at the penciled figures on the paper by the light of the binnacle, Captain Buckley hurried into the chart-room and checked up the figures.

"Must be dead reckoning," he muttered. "No chance to get a sun sight since day before. Might be anywhere within two hundred miles of this. *Vanguard*, eh?" he remarked looking again at the slip. "Murray, master." Glancing about he picked a marine register from the shelf and turned the pages. The *Vanguard* was given as a steam yacht, 210 feet over all, home port Boston, owner Eric Mawson.

"Excuse me, Captain," said Meade, "but I don't believe she's very far off. Her signals were weak, and as a rule yachts don't carry apparatus with much range. I doubt if she's got over fifty watts on her aerial."

"Go up there and see what you can find out," said Captain Butts, "and pass the word for the chief engineer to report here as you go."

Two minutes later the Scotchman edged his way in through the door, forcing it shut against the gale behind him.

"S.O.S., Mac," said Captain Buckley shortly. "Unless someone else is handier it looks like our job."

"What is she?" asked the chief.

"Yacht *Vanguard* out of Boston," was the reply.

"Dom all yachts," observed the chief without heat. "Why can they no stay at hame, an' gie puir sailormen a bit o' rest?" He paused. "Weel, we're in muckle shape tae gie help to a yacht in a smother like yon outside," he went on philosophically, "bu' wha's tae be wi' be. Wha's th' wurrk?"

"Don't know yet," answered Buckley. "I sent Sparks up to see what he could find out. Maybe there's something nearer to him. In which case we'll attend to our own affairs."

"Whuch are like tae gie us a' we care tae han'le," returned the engineer.

Meade came back at this moment.

"Had him again, sir," he reported. "He says they've lost their captain overboard, a boiler's adrift, and steering-gear carried away. Want to know how soon we can reach them."

Captain Buckley wrinkled his brow and grinned doubtfully through his strong white teeth.

(*Continued on page* 60)

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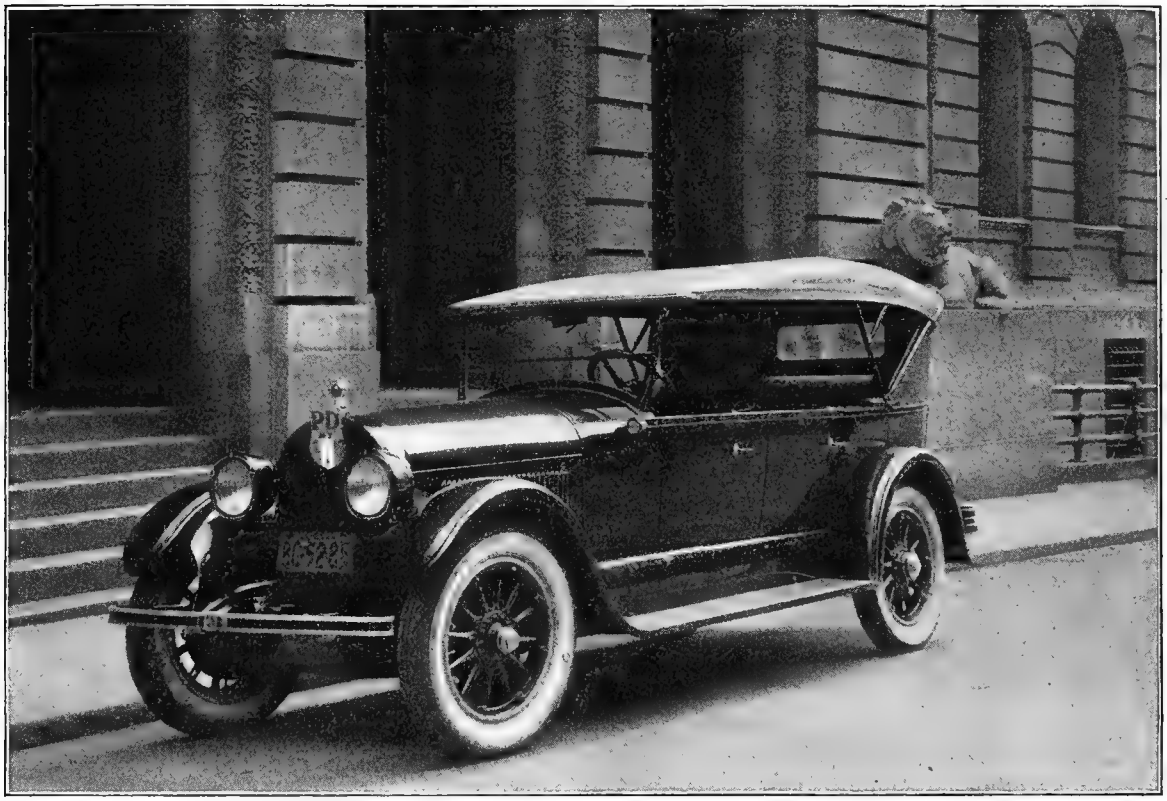

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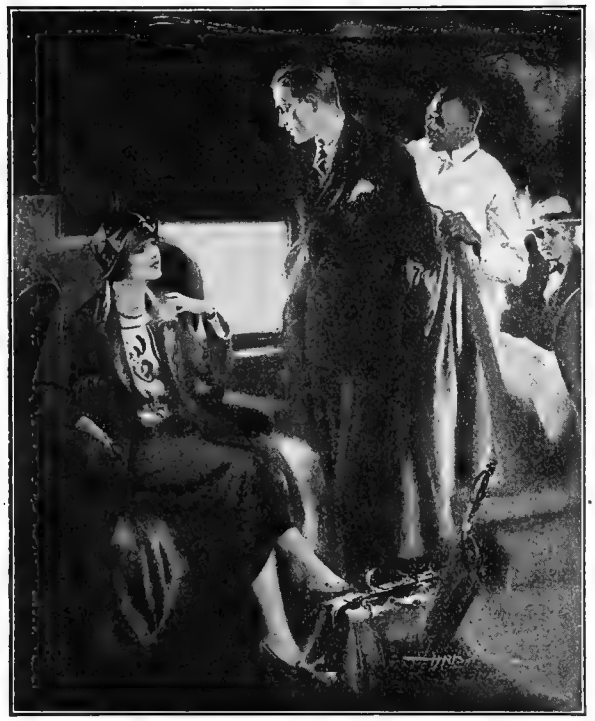

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"I'm no crystal gazer," he remarked briefly. "And by the same token I'm wondering if hunting for a needle in a haystack has anything on hunting a ship in a North Atlantic gale. Where *is* this blighter?"

"I don't believe he's very far off, sir," the wireless-man put in. "He tunes very broad and gives his effective range at five hundred miles."

"Meaning?" queried the skipper.

"That he might be within a hundred miles, or maybe fifty."

"But in which direction, youngster?"

"Almost due south-east or north-west," was the answer. "I rigged a loop for direction, and since we've been working south, ourselves, sir, she most likely isn't north of us."

"Bit uncertain for rescue work," observed the Captain. "Still with his dead reckoning and your direction we are pretty safe in keeping on our course. That'll do, son, keep in touch with that yacht. Tell him we're headed sou'east, and that we're making about eleven knots. And say to watch for a rocket at six bells and to report if he sees it. Hop to it."

An hour before dawn the *Florizel* sent up two rockets, but the *Vanguard* did not see them, but there were others by this time aware of the plight of the yacht. A Bermuda boat reported herself as joining in the search, and a naval tug from Norfolk had responded to the ambulance call of the sea at four bells. It seemed likely that the *Florizel* would reach the yacht first, however. Seven bells saw another pair of rockets, and a moment later Meade reported that these had been seen. The ship was slightly off the direct course, and now she was headed more to the south.

The seas were breaking in continuous tremendous shocks upon the vessel's decks, while her bow now swung widely as the great rollers struck her port bow. Spindrift was whipped high in the air and made the visibility low. Henderson had gone aloft with binoculars, and shortly after dawn had broken revealing racing leaden clouds, he hailed the deck and reported the yacht. An hour later they had driven down within two miles of her.

"Well, noo thot we're here, wha's next?" inquired the engineer.

"Get aboard her and see what's to be done," replied the Captain shortly, whereat MacEachren laughed.

"Oh, aye," he chuckled. "Nowt bu' thot, eh? Havers, skipper, bu' ye talk like we're layin' in t' Erie Basin."

Captain Buckley glared at his chief engineer for a long moment.

"If I didn't know you were a snub-nosed, red-headed shark for trouble I'd think your idea would be to leave those folks where they are," he snapped. "We're here, and our job is to get them out of that fix." He turned to the mate. "We'll run down and come about astern of her, Mister," he shouted. "Get a couple of more men on those steering tackles."

Buckley's first idea was to come up on the weather side of the yacht, heave too, and put a boat over. This manoeuvre was attended with considerable difficulty, chiefly because the big freighter was sluggish in handling, and it took time to swing her helm. Meantime the wireless was delivering the somewhat hysterical details of the yacht's situation. The second officer of the *Vanguard* was evidently a youngster, forced by circumstances into shoes far too big for him. There

(*Continued on page* 62)

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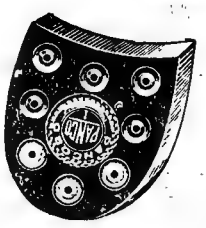

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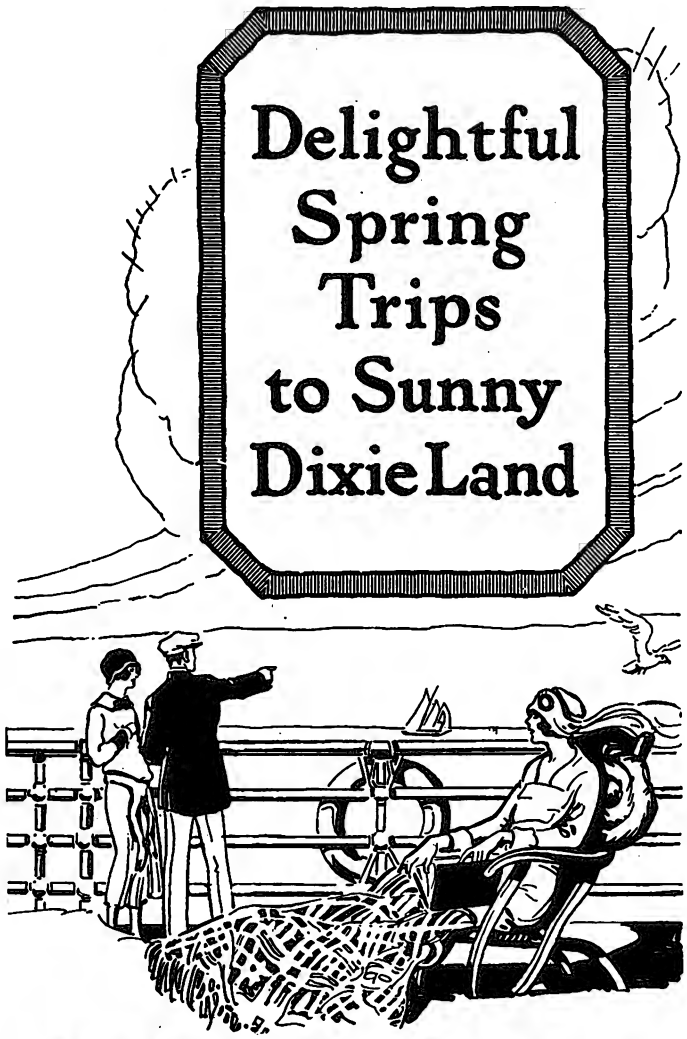

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were two women aboard, and three men, one of whom was the owner.

"For God's sake get to us and help us," was the final message. "She's racking herself to pieces."

And truly the yacht seemed in desperate plight. From the *Florizel's* decks the smaller craft was rolling herself almost gunwale under, and it seemed that at almost any roll she might not recover. Captain Buckley looked at her and then over the side at the slashing waves as the bigger ship worked her difficult way around to windward. Henderson looked as if he had seen less difficult situations.

"I don't believe a boat would live out there, sir," he commented, his mouth close to the commander's ear.

"I don't either, Mister," replied the Captain, "but just the same we've got to get aboard that craft."

The two men were clinging to the bridge rail, staring down to windward, and Buckley sighed.

"There are women over there," he muttered. "My missus would never forgive me if we didn't pull them clear. I've got to get aboard."

He studied the situation, then looked at the Mate.

"I guess it's up to me, Mister," he shouted. "Pass the word for the Chief."

"I'm going aboard, there, Mac," he cried to the engineer when the latter had mounted the bridge. "A boat can't do it."

"Then wha'——" began the chief.

"But a swimmer can," interrupted Buckley.

"But Captain, that's madness," protested Henderson.

"I'll thank you to recall that I'm Captain here, Mister Henderson," howled the skipper. "Your job is to obey orders. Now listen." And he set forth his instructions briefly, but concisely. At the conclusion Henderson looked at him with regretful respect, and the gaunt Scotchman with a shaking head. Then Captain Buckley stripped off his coat, vest shirt and shoes.

"Better have a life belt, sir," said Henderson.

"Too dangerous," replied the Captain.

The *Florizel* had gradually worked down to within a quarter of a mile of the yacht, which was as close as it seemed safe to go. Captain Buckley turned to McEachren.

"I may need you, Mac," he said. "If I do, you'll have to trust Craig with the engines."

Two men stood at the lee bulwark of the ship. They had laid out a two-inch line on the deck so that it could be paid out easily. Now Buckley knotted the end of this line around his waist and glanced about.

"All right," he said sharply. "Give me plenty of slack. Meade, tell those chaps to drop a long line astern, and to pull me in when I get it."

Stepping to the rail, he poised a moment, and then dived off into the smother. Those who have tried to swim in a heavy gale tearing the ocean up into boiling riot may know the size of the task Captain Buckley had set himself. No man with less than heroic nerve would have attempted it, or having attempted it, carried it through. His progress was watched anxiously from both vessels. Time after time it seemed that the slight figure was buried forever, but always his head reappeared again. McEachren had himself taken the line and was paying it out carefully. Fifteen minutes and over half the distance was done.

"Can he make it?" cried Henderson to the engineer, and the latter looked scornfully at him.

(*Continued on page* 64)

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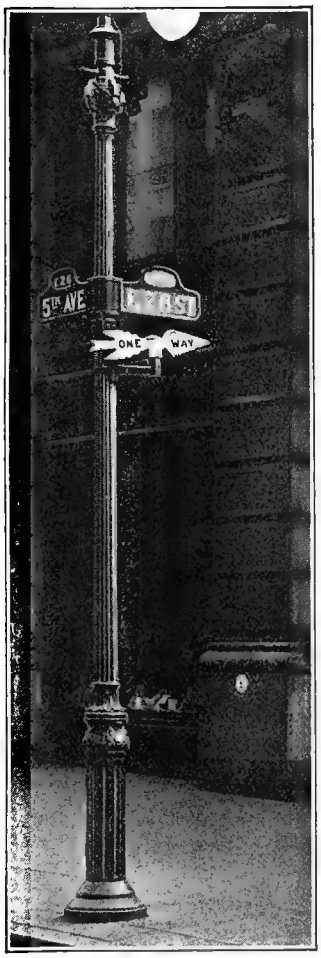
By Day



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"Aye, an' t' hell and back if necessairy," he returned.

There was just enough sternway on the *Florizel* to hold her stationary, or nearly so, and thus preserve the distance between the two vessels, and while she pitched and rolled as if she'd throw her stack overside, she was held, though with the distance gradually diminishing between herself and the yacht because of the freighter's larger surface exposed to the wind pressure.

"Man alive, he's got it," cried Braithwaite, and a group of three men at the yacht's stern were seen to be frantically hauling in the line, dropped from that craft when Captain Buckley went overboard. Five minutes more and the little skipper stood on the small vessel's deck. He was breathing stertorously and his face was pale from exhaustion, but he stood erect as a master mariner should do. A pale, dishevelled man with graying hair and shifty look approached.

"For God's sake can you help us?" he cried.

"Who are you?" demanded Captain Buckley.

"The owner, I——"

"Mawson?" went on the skipper.

"No, I bought from him five months ago—— "

"Never mind that now. Let's see about you. Who's in command?"

"I'm second officer, sir, name Candler. Captain Murray was washed overboard night before last," said a young man, almost a boy, coming forward.

"I'm Captain Buckley, and that's the *Florizel*, there," said the Captain. "Steering-gear gone?"

"Carried away shortly after Captain Murray went overboard," was the reply.

"How?"

"Derelict swept up under our quarter and took rudder, stern-post and propeller with it."

Captain Buckley recalled the report of the derelict *Betsy Ross*, and nodded.

"Where's your engineer?"

"Below, sir."

Captain Buckley strode into the wheelhouse of the yacht, glanced about, spotted the engine-room speaking-tube, and blew a forceful blast on it.

"Well?" responded a nasal voice from below.

"Well yourself," snapped back the Captain. "Got that boiler made fast yet?"

"Yes, I—who in blazes are *you?*" came the surprised answer.

"I'm in charge of this vessel, by the eternal, Mister Man," roared back Buckley. "And what's more I can lick the everlasting daylight out of any greasy Yankee mechanic that ever handled a spanner. You step up on deck, and sudden, too, or I'll come down there after you."

"The hell you say," was snapped back. "You wait—"

Two minutes later a thoroughly besmirched and wild-eyed figure nearly six feet in height broke out on deck and looked around. This was Crawley, the yacht's engineer. He had biceps like a fighter and a shaggy head of lank black hair, while a deep scar marked his cheek from eye to chin. Captain Buckley stepped smartly up to him.

"Now, my man," he said. "I'm Captain Buckley from the *Florizel* yonder, and I've come to pull you lot of incompetents out of the mess you're in. If you know your job and do it there'll be no trouble. If not I'll put a real engineer in your place. Now answer me Is that boiler made fast?"

(*Continued on page* 66)

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The yacht engineer looked at the small and bedraggled figure before him, stared into the keen, blue eyes for a moment, and then laughed shortly.

"You go to hell—" he began truculently, when a swiftly driven, hard fist caught him under the chin, dropping him promptly to the deck. With a cry of rage he jumped to his feet and rushed at Captain Buckley. That competent mariner promptly side-stepped the rush and shot a stiff left into the ribs of the engineer as he went by, then turning swiftly he went after his man with scientific zeal.

"You would, eh?" he inquired savagely, and cracked home a left on the eye and a swift and stinging right on his opponent's ear. The Yankee engineer was no weakling, nor was he a coward. He slashed savagely at his wiry opponent, but got home nothing but a right on the little skipper's shoulder, taking in return a shower of blows in face and stomach that fairly staggered him. A moment he paused, and that pause gave time for an accurately planted wallop straight to the point of the chin, whereupon the tall engineer crumpled neatly upon the deck. Captain Buckley glanced down at him, and then about at the owner, the young second, and the three hands.

"Throw a bucket of water on him," he commanded. "I've got to have some discipline here," he went on truculently. "If anyone else wants to cut up rough I have time to take on his case. Otherwise—" he waited, but no one moved.

"Can you help us?" asked the owner.

"Depends on how many tailors you have in place of seamen," was the reply. The bucket of water brought the tall engineer back to consciousness with a gasp. He lay on the tossing deck for a moment, getting his bearings, then looked up at the bedraggled figure above him. A hand went to his jaw, and gradually a grin stole over his features, and slowly he arose to his feet. Gazing at Buckley for a moment, he held out his hand.

"Glad there's a he man aboard at last, skipper," he said. "No hard feelings, eh? Give your orders and I'll see you get what you want."

Captain Buckley grinned, seized the proffered hand, and chuckled.

"Fair enough," he replied. "Thought you'd see the light. Now about that boiler?"

"She's fast. Nothing doing with the engines, though. Tail-shaft's snapped off just outside the stuffing-box. Some water coming in, but I've got the shaft tunnel door screwed fast. Rudder and post both gone, of course."

"Why in blazes didn't someone rig a sea anchor?" demanded the Captain.

"No one knew how, I guess," was the reply. "This is my first trip in deep water. The kid, there, he's always been a yachtsman."

Buckley laughed shortly.

"Might as well go to sea manned by a seminary," he said. "Well, let's snap to it. We've got to get her head up. What spares have you below?"

It required three hours to construct a sea-drag out of a few spare spars, some crates, and hamper that were found in the forepeak. Made fast to fifty fathoms of four-inch hawser this was tossed overboard, and finally dragged the yacht's head up into the wind, where she lay, pitching dizzily, but no longer rolling her heart

(*Continued on page* 68)

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As the only practical remedy for the most intricate question in civic affairs today—the transportation problem—the bus stands out distinct and well recommended. Unquestionably it has innumerable advantages over any other mode of transporting the public efficiently. Because of its flexibility traffic engineers recognize its value in traffic congestion, and know it is the only solution to this problem.

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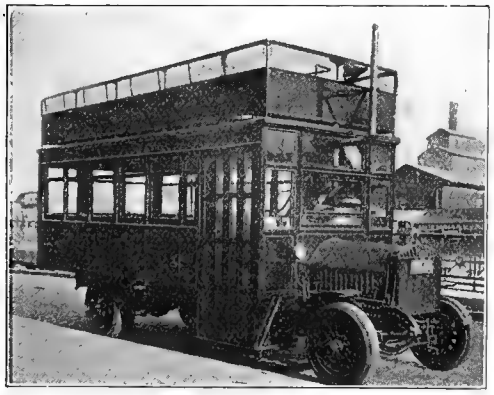
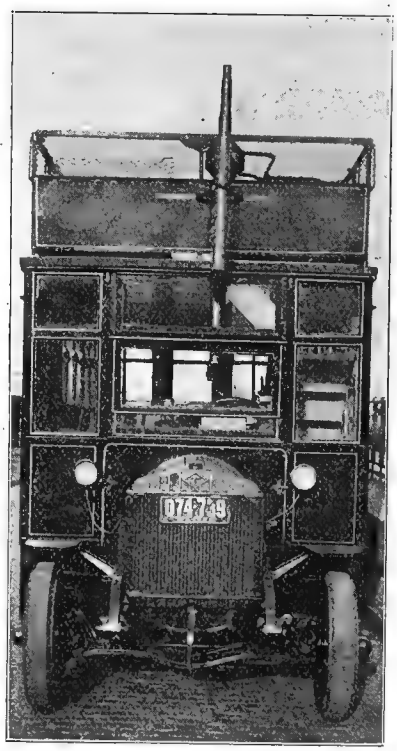


Three-quarter view showing beauty and sturdiness of construction of the Leindorf One-Man Double Deck Safety Bus in use along the Grand Concourse, N. Y. C., for the past three years.



Head-on view of Leindorf One-Man Double Deck Safety Bus, showing periscope, extra wide tread tires, extra heavy axles and general strength and neatness of design. NOTE—Periscope for operator's control of upper deck.

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out. This accomplished, Buckley took stock of the smaller vessel's situation. First he sent for the owner, and when that individual appeared he studied him carefully.

"Well, Mister," he observed. "You realize this craft of your's is in a mess, don't you?"

"Can you save us?" asked the man, who was still visibly frightened. "It's not so much for myself, of course, but there are ladies—"

"Wife—relatives?" inquired Buckley, eyeing his man.

"Well, no—er—friends," returned the other.

Captain Buckley looked out of the window at the still bellowing gale.

"What did this yacht cost you?" he demanded finally.

"I paid nine hundred thousand for her," was the hurried reply. "Why?"

"Know what salvage runs to when you get in a jam like this?" the Captain inquired.

"What does it matter?" answered the badly rattled owner. "Anything to get ashore."

Captain Buckley studied the situation carefully, and not the least of his attention was paid to the man before him.

"I'm captain of that ship out there," he said finally. "If I tow you into port her owners will make a claim against you and collect, and I'll get a share of that money. I have the power also to make a bargain with you now to tow you in. That's part of my authority as captain of the vessel. But, also under my authority as captain I have the right of decision. I can decide whether it is right for me to risk my vessel in helping save yours. If, under the circumstances, and in view of the conditions, I decide that it is not right for me to take that risk, I merely enter that decision in my log-book, get my officers to witness it, and regretfully leave you to do the best you can."

"But, heavens, man, you wouldn't leave us like this?" cried the other man.

"That's another question, as to what I would do," said Captain Buckley. "I'm telling you what it is in my power to do, because I want you to understand clearly how far the law will support a ship-master. But there's another side to my character, entirely apart from my ability as a seaman. You don't know about that, yet. It's this way. I belong to a church. I read the Bible, and I'm a strong believer in the law of righteousness. Now in Sunday School, and in my Bible I read that crooked dealing has got to be straightened out some time, and some way. And I believe it. I believe it so much, Mister, that I'm willing to go a long way to helping make it happen." Captain Buckley paused, then continued.

"And there's another thing. You may have heard that the Scotch are gifted with second-sight. Well, I'm not Scotch, except by ancestry, but my chief engineer is. He's a queer man, that, and he sees all kinds of things. If I were to tell you that he could see right through the steel plates of a yacht and into a sort of big holder of some kind, that had in it all kinds of value, oh, say a million or so, you'd think it strange, wouldn't you? Well, sir, the Scotch are mighty queer people."

The yacht owner was staring at Captain Buckley with a fascinated air, much as a bird might gaze at a serpent, but he merely moistened his lips and grew if anything a little paler, and Captain Buckley now smiled gently.

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"All of us have our special talents, I suppose," he went on gently. "Now me, I'm gifted with certain ability at sea, and Mac, that I told you of, he can see things that are hidden, sometimes, and you're a business man, I understand. You know all about things connected with money and investments, and so on, no doubt. And if you wanted to you could give another man some pretty good advice. You could help me, maybe, and my engineer that I told you of, MacEachren. We made an investment, Mac and I. We put about three hundred thousand dollars into a fine appearing concern. Unfortunately the man who was running that concern had to go away suddenly, and in some way a lot of the money that belonged to the company got mixed up in his personal baggage. Of course he didn't mean it, but it just happened that way. Some day he'll find it out and then he'll want to go right back and fix everything up. Or, it might be that he wanted to make other plans, and go travelling. And if he did it would be mighty unfortunate for him if one of his investors, say the one who, with his Scotch friend, put quite a tidy bit of money in the company, should run across him.

"Now what I thought maybe you'd tell me, since you're a business man, if you don't think that company president would like to start getting things straightened up by settling with the—well, with such a man as me, for instance? You see,—." and here Captain Buckley grew quite confidential, though it must be admitted that his hard blue eyes bore with quite unexplained intensity into the dark and haggard features of the owner of the yacht.

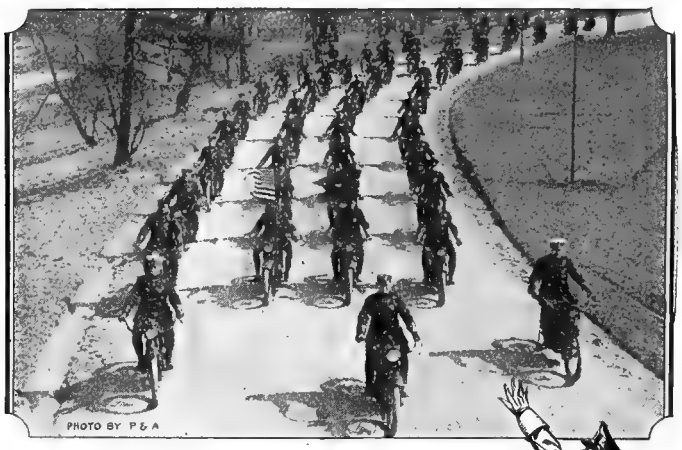
. . . . . .

Quite a stretch of blue water intervenes between Capes Charles and Henry, thus giving wide entrance to the historic Chesapeake, and Hampton Roads. Also there is no little sea traffic in and out between the capes, and so a somewhat battered freighter which yawed back and forth over several points of the compass in her progress, became the subject of more or less interested comment when it was seen that she had an equally battered white yacht in tow.

Really close observers within appropriate distance, or with good glasses, might have made out that the freighter was the steamer *Florizel*, but they might have been puzzled to remark that the yacht was quite unidentifiable, since it seemed that the name had been painted out, or had been washed away. In any event, the procession of two was progressing with becoming leisure up the fairway when a boat was seen to leave the freighter and approach the yacht. Two agile persons, one tall, and one shorter, ascended the yacht's side, and the boat dropped astern to swing on a line until needed. Half an hour later the boat was hauled alongside again, the two figures dropped into it, and the small craft once more overtook the *Florizel*. Shortly thereafter the yacht was cast off from the larger vessel, and found an anchorage, and the freighter moved on a short distance and likewise dropped her hook.

"Mac," observed Captain Buckley to his chief engineer. "There's one advantage I can see in you having a bit of money."

"Crack away, skipper," remarked the Scotchman, drawing heavily on a black pipe that bubbled and hissed. "With a little money you might be persuaded to cease from polluting the entire neighborhood of a



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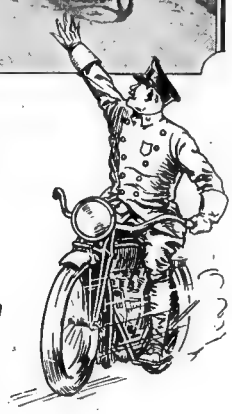

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fairly clean ship with that mixture of sorghum and cylinder-oil you call tobacco. Maybe if you'd spend as much as fifty cents a pound for some good brand like Plumber's Delight, now—"

"A mon thot's lost the sight o' bawbees I hae, wull no be buyin' expensive tobacco, skipper," replied the chief.

The two men were seated in the *Florizel's* chartroom. Now Captain Buckley leaned over, unlatched the door of a small locker and drew out a leather brief-case.

"By the way, Mac," he said, "I never asked you if you felt anything kind of draw you toward that yacht-owner back there."

"I thowt bu' sma' o' him," replied MacEachren.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Mac," replied the Captain. "You see, he's a strange man. For instance, I've no doubt at all but his name would be familiar to you."

"I ne'er heerd it," replied the other.

"It's not a common name," mused Captain Buckley. "In fact, so uncommon I've no doubt at all you'll recognize it. The man is called Irving Eidlitz."

Chief Engineer Donald MacEachren sat slowly erect. On his face was a slight scowl. The pipe dropped from his mouth into his hairy hand. He looked first at the skipper and then out of the chartroom porthole. He was just in time to see four persons descending into a small boat that clung for a moment to the yacht's side, and then progress in the general direction of the Virginia shore.

"Why, th' dom—" he began and lurched out onto the deck. "Mon, w'ud ye no stop a crook fr' gettin' clear wi'—."

Captain Buckley caught his engineer by the shoulder and drew him back into the chartroom.

"That's the trouble with you Scotch," he complained petulantly. "You're so infernally impulsive and erratic. Come in here and sit down. Maybe I forgot to tell you, but I did a little business with Mr. Eidlitz before we took his craft in tow. Never tell me that financiers aren't grateful, Mac. I know better. I'm told that the bonus system is in great favor in big business organizations, now, and that it's in almost general use. I believe it. Now there's Eidlitz, for instance. He's wedded to the bonus idea. Nothing would do him but that I should have a bonus for saving himself and his yacht—to say nothing of his lady friends. He fairly forced it on me, Mac."

Captain Buckley began to unbuckle the straps of the brief-case, while the Scot watched him with open mouth.

"How much was yon bonus?" he asked finally.

"Oh, a small thing; just a remembrance," said Captain Buckley. "A matter of three hundred thousand dollars, Mac. And then we'll touch a bit out of the price I made him for towing the yacht in. I misdoubt but we'll have to wire the *Florizel's* owners to libel the *Vanguard* to get it, but that's a small matter. Maybe you noticed a little party leaving the yacht a bit ago. Well, friends must part, Mac. I doubt if we're likely to meet with Mr. Eidlitz again. And Mac, now that there's time to think of it, wasn't there some doubt in your mind about that little principle I mentioned one day, that one about crookedness getting straightened out in the long run?"

"Never a doubt, skipper," replied the engineer stoutly. "Indeed, I'm coom to see thot's it's a fundamental tenet o' th' univairse."

"And, Mac," went on the skipper, "do me a favor.

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Will you drop that pipe overboard before the health officers come aboard?"

"I'll do better nor thot, skipper," returned the engineer. "I'll go ashore an' get me a pound or twa o' chewin' gum."

Below the Equator

(*Continued from page* 12)

aliens who have committed crimes, chiefly for the reason that many of them have no permanent homes, relatives, or other social connections, which makes them difficult to trace. The obstacles are not nearly so great in the case of native criminals, as they usually have some affiliation or records through which they may be found. For example, their births are registered in the Bureau of Vital Statistics, or they have voted and their names appear on the Election registers, or they may be in the city or telephone directories, or they may be members of clubs or associations, they have friends and relatives, none of which factors may appear in the case of the alien.

One other feature in South American police work I found most interesting, and that is their secret service divisions. Such a division is badly required in New York, and I think in other large American cities. Here we should have a corps of fifty highly trained men who would receive minimum salaries of $5,000. These men would be specialists, at no time members of the regular force, and employed only so long as they render satisfactory service. I do not need to dwell on the utility of such a force since this has already been proved up to the hilt in both Europe and South America. I sincerely wish we could have such a group of specialists connected with the New York Police Department.

South American cities are more adequately policed than I think are any of our northern cities. I should say that they have at least double the number of policemen per unit of population. For example, Rio de Janeiro with two million population has 8,000 police; Buenos Aires, also with two million inhabitants, has 8,500 police; Montevideo, with half a million people, has 3,000 on her police force; Santiago, Chile, also with half a million has enrolled 3,500 men. On this basis New York should have at least 25,000 men, and this figuring on fixed population alone, without considering the transient population of a million to be found here every day. I might remark that the transient population of South American cities is negligible.

I have no statistics regarding crime in South America that I can put my hand on, but my general information is that since the World War they have experienced an increase in the number and intensity of violations, just as we have in the United States, though in New York we have had actually a decrease in serious crimes since 1916 of about 40%.

Returning for an instant to the comparisons between the two types of police found in North and South America I should incline to the belief that a South American policeman transferred to duty in New York could not possibly make good, first because he would not measure up to our particular requirements, second because of the language and court procedure differences, and my opinion is that a New York policeman who found himself on duty in a South American city would

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meet with just as many difficulties. He might eventually stand a better chance of making good on account of his greater initiative and force, and because he would be better trained and educated.

I should say that the police of South America are 90% military and 10% civil, whereas in this country the proportion would be reversed. There the commanding officers are recruited almost entirely from the army and navy, or are chosen from the professions, but almost none of them is a practical policeman, though it must be admitted that by reason of their education and higher training they are superior to the commanding officers of American police departments. Yet that would not make them better policemen, as the training they have undergone would not be necessary in our police work. Undoubtedly it is an advantage in a more or less military organization, but as the police of the United States are organized it could not be applied successfully.

My belief is that the tenure of office in South American police circles is less stable than with us. Police commanders come and go much as our commissioners and their immediate aides do, and I think the rank and file do not retain their positions as ours do. Civil service may have its defects in fitting men to qualify for high police commands, but it does lead to stability and permanent tenure of work, and these considerations outweigh the other defects the system may have.

As a general result of my tour of South America I believe I have succeeded in establishing an *entente cordiale* between the police organizations of South and North America, and I think I have reinforced their interest in the International Police Conference which will meet here in May of this year, and every two years thereafter, either here or elsewhere, as may be decided by the Conference.

I took to the police of South America and their officials of government a message of good will and sympathy for which they have expressed their appreciation and respect, and which I believe was altogether sincere. I have brought back with me many ideas which I hope may be utilized in the improvement of the New York Police Department, and incidentally those of other cities in our country should they prove effective here. I have gathered considerable information which I trust will be useful to the people of the United States, and which I hope to have the opportunity of presenting to those with whom I may talk from time to time. Some of this, I think, will prove to be a revelation, and may I hope advance the ideas which have gone before.

During my visit to six of the South American countries I had the pleasure of meeting the Presidents of these countries, as well as several of the cabinet and high officers of federal, state and municipal governments. Everywhere I was received with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and everywhere there was expressed friendship and admiration for the government of the United States. Indeed, it seemed to me that there was a distinct desire on their part for closer coöperation between their countries and ours along social, intellectual and business lines, and there was frequently expressed regret that we have been comparative strangers during past years, and have not arrived at a better, a more complete understanding of each other.

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"Shoving the Queer"

(*Continued from page* 22)

"All right," he said, and the man opened the bag, taking out package after package of bills. Each was wrapped in the usual manner, and bore the printed announcement that it held $1,000. There were twenty of them. The special officer put them back in the bag, snapped it and placed it beside the letters and jewel-case, then stepped back.

"You take the bag. We take the other stuff," said Bell.

"Right," said Hendricks, and the exchange was made.

"Now get to hell out of this place before something happens to you," commanded Bell roughly, throwing open the door.

"Suits me, all right," muttered the lawyer, and taking their hats the two departed.

Well, boys, one might say that ended the case, only it didn't. There were still a couple of loose ends to be tied up. Markwell, Phelps and I went back to Headquarters. The Commissioner would want to know how we came out, and we were seated in his room when the orderly came in to say that Hendricks was outside foaming at the mouth, and demanding admission.

"Let him in," said the Commissioner, and a moment later the wild-eyed shyster banged through the door.

"I've got you right where I want you, Gregory," he bawled. "And you, too, Commissioner. You'll go down in a crash for this trick. And as for that crook Bell, I'll have him behind the bars inside of an hour, with this Chicago guy to keep him company. You birds can't pull off a raw deal like this and expect to get away with it."

"What's the trouble?" asked the Commissioner, gently.

"Passing counterfeit money's the trouble," cried Hendricks. "Those people made a deal with me to pay twenty thousand in cash. Instead they slip my client four hundred in real money and the rest in Confederate bills. That job is good for ten years at least. You guys must have been crazy to pull a stunt like that and expect to get away with it."

"Just a minute," interposed the Commissioner in his quiet, diplomatic manner. "Did I understand you to say these bills were Confederate money?"

"That's right. Rank counterfeits," was the answer. "Here, look! A good ten top and bottom, the rest phoney!"

"Not necessary," replied the Commissioner. "I'm happy to take your word for it. You see, for a lawyer you are singularly ignorant. Confederate bills are not counterfeits, and so no law is violated in offering them. The fact is that they are not money at all. Federal Courts several hundred times have ruled that passing these bills for money of the United States is not a crime, not even a misdemeanor. They are merely the promise of a republic, long since defunct, to pay on demand. If you can find the treasurer of that republic doubtless he would make an effort at redemption. Otherwise I'm afraid you'll have to take your chance at the next Confederate Veterans reunion at Richmond. They might do something for you as a matter of sentiment. Now, as you're wearing a spot in my rug by standing there I'll have to ask you to

(*Continued on page* 75)

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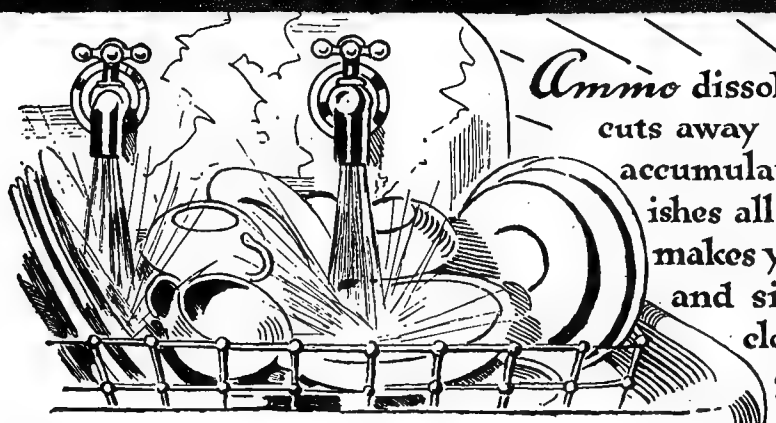

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leave. Goodbye, Mr. Hendricks. I understand that some of your clients may not be so confident of your ability in the law when they hear of this, and I shouldn't wonder if Inspector Gregory will see to it that the news is well distributed. A sad chatterbox is Gregory at times."

The shyster said something that sounded suspiciously like an oath, and slammed the door hard after him.

. . . . . .

"And that was the finish, eh?" asked Preston. The Inspector looked down at his cigar and considered it gravely.

"Not quite," he replied. "One of my reports that evening said something about an interesting victim of an assault who had been taken to Bellevue. I went up to take a look at the man, thinking he might be a crook or something, you know. You can imagine how astonished I was to discover 'Handsome Harry' Burns beneath the bandages and splints."

The Inspector smiled again, slowly and enjoyably.

"Some young men have too little respect for the law," he went on. "Now take that young Phelps from Chicago. I'd have staked a few dollars on my judgment of him as a decent law-abiding citizen, and yet, do you know, he followed Burns about for half a day until he caught him alone, and then brutally attacked him. I was never more astonished in my life. Why, poor Burns was a wreck. At first I believed he had been run over by a Subway train, but the hospital people said no. It was just a fist job."

"And the girl?" I asked.

"Oh, I think that worked out all right," Gregory answered. He reached for his wallet and extracted a small kodak picture of a boy about three years old seated on a wooden hobby-horse. This he passed over to me. Underneath it was written:

PETER COURTNEY PHELPS

"Markwell sent me that about a year ago," he went on, "so I guess the old Confederacy can set that result off against Gettysburg. Eh?"

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *If any reader should desire to verify the statement made in the above story that Federal Courts have refused to consider passing Confederate money as a crime, the reference may be found in United States vs. Barrett,* 111 *Fed.*, 369.]

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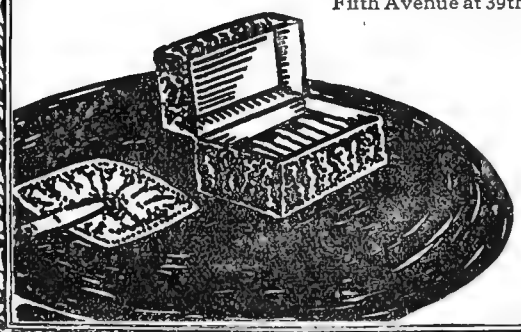

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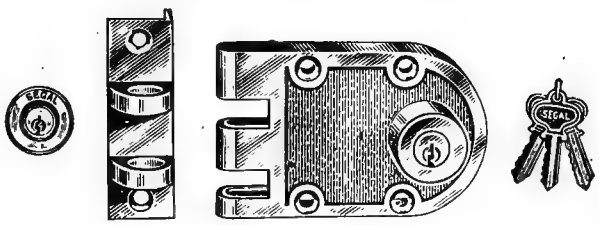

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Brennan's Cream Flannels

(*Continued from page* 32)

went every morning to that huge gray building through whose wide entrance men and women pass in day-long procession, burdened with their own shame or with sorrow for the shame of others. Here he joined the pack of large, well-groomed man-hunters whose business it is to follow trails too devious for their fellows in blue and brass. Like all the others who worked out of the upper office, he had his specialty; he looked for faces to match the photographs and descriptions in the Identification Bureau. In that endless search he tramped through crowded streets; he gossiped with officers from other cities, with prison wardens and with his own prisoners. He was immersed in the lore of thieves, familiar with their latest methods, master of their argot.

But, when that fifty weeks was up, he went to the country with his wife and two children. He talked plain, respectable English. Sophistication departed from his eyes.

On his way home this afternoon he stopped in a haberdasher's. He lingered there for some time, picking out three pairs of socks.

"Cream silk," he told the clerk, and he was particular to see that he got the exact thing. For his wife had given him directions on this question of selection; and, though he was famed for fearlessness during the hours when he earned bread and butter for his family, Detective Sergeant Brennan lived in deep respect for Maggie's authority.

The next day he was lying on springy turf enjoying the earth's luxurious caress. He was gazing straight into a sky of deepest cobalt. He listened lazily to the voices of the two children.

They were riding an ancient and decrepit horse, whose name, he gathered from their adjurations, would be Moses. Brennan drank in their clamor as if it were to him sweet music. He sighed and stretched his great legs.

"Daddy, Moses won't go when we tell him to. He just eats grass."

"Kick him in the ribs." Brennan heaved another sigh. He sniffed the odor of crushed grass; he gazed deeper into the blue heavens. He told himself that *this* was living.

His ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps. A voice called his name. He sat up abruptly. Something like consternation showed on his face.

"Tom Brennan! Just look at your suit!"

"Hello, Maggie! Time you came!" His voice was heavily jovial. But he arose, doffed his coat and began brushing it industriously.

It was a coat of cream-colored flannel; and when he put it on again, Brennan loomed, a titanic symphony in cream, from the soles of his canvas shoes to the crown of the yachting cap which exactly matched the two-piece suit. He stood, smiling on his wife. In that light raiment he looked larger than usual, too huge and lusty for such fragile fabric. Although the clothes fitted him well, it seemed somehow as if his big muscles must presently burst forth through them. He seemed a Hercules done in marble.

"All right now! No harm done." But there was

(*Continued on page* 78)

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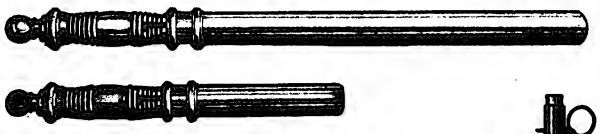

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apprehension in his eyes as he looked into her face. That face was modeled on round lines—altogether adorable!

"You've wrinkled the coat, and there's a grass stain!"

"Oh, come on! Say, let's take the kids swimming. It's long enough after lunch."

She smiled at his eagerness. "Come, children. Daddy's going to take you to the pool."

They scrambled off from the patriarchal Moses, whom they left grazing on the spot from which they had battled to move him. They seized Brennan by either hand. He laughed down at them. There was fondness in his eyes; for, in that khaki-clad young Indian chief, bedecked with feathers and fringes, he saw a replica in miniature of himself, and in the small chubby vision in blue rompers he beheld a diminutive Maggie.

A few minutes later he emerged from the bathhouse, his bulging muscles gleaming splendidly in the afternoon sunshine. The bathing suit seemed about to crack over his great chest. Beside him, as nearly like God had made them as was compatible with summer resort rules, the children shrieked their joy.

The bathing-pool billowed from end to end when Tom Brennan hurled his mighty bulk down through the shimmering surface. Little breakers rolled shoreward, while he swam, first with his own miniature perched between his shoulders, then with the chubby baby clamoring shrilly on his broad back.

When they were climbing the hill to the hotel, Brennan felt his wife's small hand brushing the cream-colored coat.

"I'd rather wear my old clothes, Maggie." He fidgeted as she swept the garment with more vigorous strokes. "They're more comfortable, and——"

"Wear them! Indeed you will wear them, Tom Brennan! Do you think I'm going to let you go tearing round in *these?*"

"Well, you made me today. Ouch! Maggie! Say! People will think you're beating me." He made huge pretense of dodging and the children laughed.

"Stand still! There! It wasn't a grass stain after all. I'm so glad. I hunted all over town for this suit. I wanted you to wear it today—our first day here—so you'd look nice. But you're to keep them without a single spot; and when they have the dance at the hotel Saturday night——"

"Going to have a dance? Good!" He smiled happily.

"Yes; and you're going in this suit, Tom, and going to look the way you ought to."

So Brennan wore his old clothes on the morrow and reveled in the freedom which those garments gave him—freedom to throw himself on the grass, to stride through thickets, to romp with the children like a boy.

Emancipation was complete with him. The work that he did for fifty weeks of every year was barely a memory. He knew none of its problems, none of its responsibilities. He was often conscious of a lightness in his hip-pockets, bereft of their old weight of grim "hardware."

He reveled in these lazy, carefree days—his vacation. The children made him their companion or beast of burden as they willed. He picked flowers for them; he ferried them across the swimming pool; he carried them through the forest on his shoulders. And Maggie told him when to come home or what to wear.

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There were occasions when he found himself unwittingly in conflict with the ruling spirit of this happy kingdom.

A sunny morning when he allowed the chubby vision in blue rompers to feast on ice cream topped off by sticky confections from the village store—a morning followed by a noontide of colicky tears and stern reprimand.

A lazy afternoon when, urging the khaki-clad Indian chief to remount Moses—grown rebellious under importunities and of a sudden discovering that he still possessed one rheumatic buck—he heard the swish of skirts and Maggie bearing down on him with red cheeks and blazing eyes.

And the enormous occasion when he was caught letting his son roll on the dusty earth locked in physical combat with the heir of the railroad section foreman.

However, these were but passing breezes ruffling the surface of a tranquil stream. Brennan survived them, smiling in the grateful sensation of being a carefree subject where Maggie ruled. There was something in that sensation akin to the feeling of lightness in the hip-pockets of that flannel suit, when he wore it during the evening.

Often, when he lounged among the other summer visitors, gay in those cream-colored clothes, he saw Maggie's eye upon him, and he remembered to comport himself with sedulous care for that fabric.

So when Saturday evening came and the children were tucked away in bed, Brennan stood before his wife.

"I kept them clean, Maggie," he chuckled.

She tightened the knot of his tie, stepped back and looked him over.

"You were pretty good, Tom. And you'll be the best-looking man in the whole place to-night."

They went downstairs and joined the crowd of summer visitors on the floor of the large dining-room. They had danced until nearly midnight, when Fate so ordered things that Brennan saw Maggie's finger beckoning him to her side. She was sitting by a woman from one of the bungalows from whose rent the village people derived a goodly portion of their sustenance.

"Mrs. Chisolm has forgotten her lace shawl," said Maggie, beaming up at him. "Will you get it for her, dear?"

And in a moment Brennan found himself with the key to the cottage and minute directions as to the location of the wrap in question.

He set forth at once. He was crossing the wide veranda of the hotel when he saw a little old man with bent shoulders and the brush-like tuft of chin-whiskers which used to be so much in evidence on the stage when "The Old Homestead" and kindred plays had their vogue.

"Evening, Chief." Brennan waved his hand.

The village police force acknowledged the salutation with gravity and resumed his post by the dining-room window, against whose panes he had been pressing the chin-whisker, a rapt spectator during every jazz dance of the evening.

Brennan hurried on down the long hill on whose summit the hotel was gleaming in flashing contrast to the sleeping town. Tall redwoods, survivors of the forest, loomed beside the road. The cool perfume of sweet peas and mignonette stole out from dooryard gardens, hidden in the darkness. His soul drank placidity from the soft, fragrant night.

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He passed through the business part of the village. The windows were dark; no human being save himself was moving here. The general store, where ranchers from the surrounding country did their trading, the postoffice, the ice-cream parlor, the bowling alley and the little bank which was the community's latest token of prosperity, were sound asleep.

He crossed the railroad track near the diminutive depot and reached the bungalow to which he had been directed. He entered, struck a match and found the lace shawl over the back of a chair.

As he was nearing the railroad track on his way back, Brennan heard the roar of the late evening passenger train from the city. He saw the glare of the head-light sweeping around a curve. Idle curiosity made him halt beside a clump of shrubbery near the end of the depot platform, to watch one of the few daily events which interrupted the siesta of ordinary village existence.

The locomotive thundered to its stopping place; the brakes whined; the air began sobbing in the pipes. A mail sack thudded to the planking; the village postmaster picked it up and sauntered away with it. Five or six passengers had alighted and hurried off at once; the conductor was swinging his lantern; the locomotive had given its first enormous hiccough and was rumbling forward. A man swung off from the steps of the smoker.

For one brief, passing moment the face of this last arrival was sharply revealed in the glare from the car windows.

During that moment Brennan underwent a curious change. He bent low behind the clump of shrubbery. His great muscles had assumed a sudden rigidity which made them stand out under that flannel suit as though the light fabric were draped over metal instead of flesh. Sophistication had leaped back into his eyes.

The man was tall and broad, as large as Brennan; but there was nothing in his quick, nervous step—the pace of one who knows just where he is going and wants to reach that point without interruption—which would remotely suggest the slow swagger of an officer. The eyes roved, quick and cool. The lips drooped slightly at the ends.

When this other had disappeared in the shadows beyond the depot, Brennan rose from his crouching posture. He turned his back on the station and hurried away.

His route to the hotel was different from that by which he had come. He avoided the brief stretch of business street. And when, at length, he stepped on the broad veranda, his face had lost its sunny freshness. His demeanor was business-like. Instead of going on into the dining-room with the lace shawl, which he was carrying across his arm, he stood looking about him with that same unobstrusive keenness which his eyes held on the street during fifty weeks of every year.

The night clerk, resplendent in a cutaway and white linen in honor of the evening's festivities, was making good headway with two man-hungry summer girls when Brennan caught his eye.

"The chief?" The night clerk smiled, repeating Brennan's query. "Why, let me see. Oh, yes. He went up the ridge road taking two old ladies home. Anything happened?"

Brennan shook his head and returned the smile with

(*Continued on page* 82)

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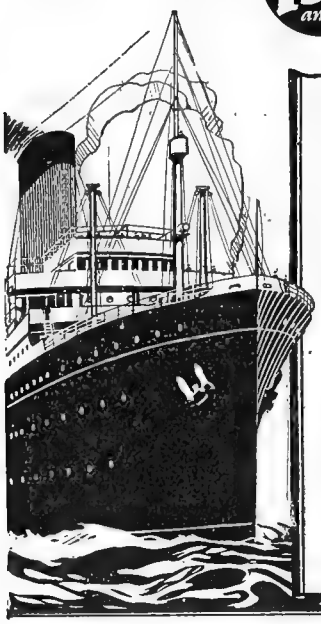

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the apparent carelessness of one to whom dissembling is second nature. But, when he got out of sight, he stuffed the lace shawl into a pocket of his flannel coat and hurried along the road that traversed the summit of the hill.

He had gone a full half mile, every yard of which brought from him its own separate anathema, when he saw a wavering little circle of light coming to meet him. He sighed with relief.

The village police force, returning from his duty as squire of ancient dames, turned his flash lantern into Brennan's eyes with all the ardor of the enthusiastic man-hunter to whom all comers are suspicious.

"Well Chief,"—Brennan blinked into the dazzling rays—"it's only me."

The radiance vanished. Brennan was able to see the tuft of chin-whiskers thrust forward belligerently.

"Been some young fellers pesterin' round the summer cottages. I didn't know but what ye might be one o' them."

Brennan nodded. "Chief," he began abruptly, "have you seen a party round here lately—little under medium size, black-haired, got a scar on his right cheek?"

Silence followed. The tuft of chin-whisker wagged ruminatively. And Brennan chafed, waiting.

"I do mind that feller. He come last week and stayed three days. Me and him was talin' in the store. He was thinkin' of buyin' a place; said his wife was poorly. He was—"

Brennan breathed deeply. "Do you pack a gun?" He shot the question.

"What ye drivin' at?" The tuft of whisker was horizontal again.

Brennan fumbled in the breast pocket of his flannel coat and produced his shield. He held it out while the ancient guardian of the village peace brought his flashlight into play again.

"Oho!" The light winked out. "Glad to know ye, I'm sure." The horny old palm met Brennan's.

"Now! About that gun!" Brennan demanded when he had complied with the amenities as quickly as possible.

The little man was groping under the tails of his long coat. With a slowness that was maddening to Brennan, he drew forth a pistol whose enormous length and remarkable lines proclaimed it as the weapon of a bygone generation.

"I'll take it, if you don't mind. Come on, Chief."

Brennan started swiftly toward the town. The other followed, voicing alternate wonder and protest. Once only did Brennan speak and that was to ask concerning the ponderous firearm which he was carrying in his right hand.

"Shoot?" The old watchman echoed quaveringly. "Why, I killed Bill Sampson's dog with it five year' ago. Knocked him galley west the second shot. The fust would've got him, but the blamed ca'tridge missed fire."

Brennan withheld comment on that past performance. His eyes had a faraway expression. His thoughts were with his own late model revolver, reposing with his handcuffs in the locker at the Hall of Justice.

He strode down the hill; in the darkness his companion stumbled behind him, putting such questions as his scanty breath allowed. To these Brennan gave one answer.

"Hurry, Chief."

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They had reached the foot of the slope and were close to the business part of the village when a heavy, hollow detonation sounded somewhere ahead of them, a noise so vague that it seemed to have no exact location.

"What the dickens—" The little watchman looked up into Brennan's face. They had come to a halt side by side.

"That fireproof safe that your bank keeps its money in—" Brennan's voice was laden with scorn. "I knew he'd beat that box before we got here. Now, Chief, we've got to hurry. These are swift people."

Brennan started forward. His bearing had changed. He was walking toward the bank, with the deliberation of one going on a straight line from which he will never swerve. His shoulders were swaying. He padded down the middle of the road.

Into the silence of the night—a silence seeming deeper than ever after that explosion—came the sound of sharp blows, the unmistakable clink of metal beating metal. A vague blur of light oozed through the windows of the little building, less than a hundred feet ahead of him.

Within that luminous area a man appeared. He sprang from a shadow so abruptly that he seemed to have leaped out of the earth. In that instant he showed plainly, a man of ordinary size, with a long, livid scar upon his cheek. His head went forward; he raised his right arm with a jerk. The light from the windows glinted along the black barrel of the revolver which he aimed.

Brennan's face became heavy, implacable. "Drop that gun. I'm an officer." It was the voice of one who believes implicitly in his authority. He came on; his manner was superb. As if all the grim panoply of the law—steel fetters, stone walls and solemn court rooms—came with him now, he walked like one invulnerable.

A flash of orange leaped toward him from the sidewalk. A bullet snarled above his head. The venomous spat of a smokeless-powder cartridge completed the reply to his command. Even as Brennan raised the ancient revolver he came on in that uncompromising straight line, at the same proud gait. Then—

Brennan pulled the rusty trigger. An appalling roar arose upon the night air. A cloud of acrid smoke enwrapped him. As he walked on, he gave one wondering glance at his weapon, then raised his eyes again and took new aim.

The automatic was spitting from the sidewalk now, so swiftly that the reports sounded like the blows of a riveting hammer. A bullet threw dirt upon the legs of Brennan's flannel trousers. Another tugged at his coat like an importunate hand. He pressed the trigger of his archaic firearm. A dull click followed.

Once more Brennan looked down at the ancient pistol, and this time he frowned. Then his face resumed its expression of heavy implacability and he gazed before him as he went on at unchanged pace.

His eyes swept along the barrel; his forefinger crooked to tightness. The venerable pistol bellowed. The man upon the sidewalk pitched forward; his automatic clattered on the planks beside him.

The blur of light vanished. Footsteps sounded within the bank.

Abruptly Brennan changed his pace. He ran straight toward the door of the little building.

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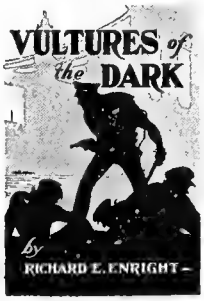

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"Look after that one on the sidewalk," he shouted. Ignoring the wounded man, nor looking to see whether the old watchman was obeying, Brennan kept on running. He reached the edge of the walk.

A man burst through the front door, head bowed, swinging a revolver in his right hand.

The weapon barked once, as Brennan leaped forward. The two big bodies crashed together in collision. For an instant they seemed to totter. They swayed; then, locked by intertwining limbs, they fell heavily upon the sidewalk.

They rolled across the boards into the roadway. They seemed to bound from the earth. Dust enwrapped them. The thud of a fist striking bare flesh sounded in the noises of the struggle.

Abruptly the two forms separated. One shot upward into a crouching posture.

Brennan's huge knees were pinning down the arms of his prisoner. His hands were pressing hard upon the man's throat.

"Drop it," he said quietly.

The automatic pistol fell into the gutter.

"Now Kelly,"—Brennan arose—"get up. You're under arrest." His voice was stern. There was a ring in it, as when one greets an acquaintance of other days.

Standing on his feet, the prisoner surveyed his captor for the first time and growled profane disgust.

"I kept my word and blew when I got my floater." His voice rose in indignant protest. "Why can't yer let me alone? I aint botherin' *your* town."

It took some time to find a doctor for the wounded man, and Brennan was out of breath from hurrying, when he stepped on the wide veranda of the hotel. He walked straight across the porch, and on to the door of the dining-room. The orchestra was playing the last waltz.

Brennan stood in the wide doorway. The lace shawl was again across his arm, his eyes were searching among the dancers and those sitting around the sides of the room. Suddenly they lighted and he stepped forward.

He started around the room toward the chair which Maggie occupied. He was walking briskly; his shoulders were swaying with the same superb swagger, that swing of utter confidence, which he had maintained when he strode through revolver smoke toward the little bank.

Something—perhaps it was the eyes of a dancer—made him glance down over himself. Abruptly he paused.

He seemed to waver. He stood thus for a full moment, hesitating. Then he went on. But the proud swagger was gone and for the first time that evening Brennan's feet seemed reluctant to obey his will.

Out on the veranda the village police force was recounting the details of the capture. He was emblazoning his glory with such bits of wisdom as he had picked up from Brennan's conversation with the prisoners.

"Got 'em both," he was saying. "Soup-man and stick-up. Got 'em dead to rights, snuffin' the box. Yes siree! Gol-darned if we didn't!"

His tuft of chin-whisker wagged bravely. Confidence shone in his wizened features.

But Detective Sergeant Brennan was standing in abject fear while Maggie's eyes went over him from head to foot—over the cream-colored suit, torn now,

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covered with dust from the road, spotted with blood. And, in abject fear he cringed, when Maggie said slowly:

"Tom—Brennan! Look—at—that—suit!"

A Substitute Burglar

(*Continued from page* 15)

was a 'come on,' and this is the 'follow up.' A 'touch,' of course. But I still don't get the full drift of it all."

A few days later, came a telegram. It was addressed to "Mr. John Andrews," at the "Superior"; and it read:

"Mother is dying. Dr. Fuld says she cannot live two days. She is a little light-headed; and she calls for you nearly all the time. RUTH."

John Andrews received this telegram at 9 A. M. At 10:30 he was on a train bound for Ideala, Ohio. He had spent at least one-half of the intervening time in strangling his commonsense. To make certain of not backing out he had sent a telegram to Ruth, heralding his arrival.

Andrews was the only passenger to alight at the flag station labeled "Ideala." On the platform he was met by a square-jawed elderly man in rusty professional black, who eyed him doubtfully, then advanced toward him.

"John Andrews?" queried the elderly man, curtly, making no move to shake hands.

"Yes," replied Andrews, keenly studying the other's face; and deciding in a flash that the gnarled visage was assuredly not a swindler's or even an advertisement-trailer's.

"I'm Dr. Fuld," went on the old man, grumpily. "You've forgotten me, perhaps—or had, till you got my letter. I suppose I've changed in fifteen years. Most of us do. But I haven't changed as you have. Until I read the name on your suitcase I couldn't believe it was you. My car's here. We'll go straight up to your mother's. You're in time. But you're only just in time."

As he talked, he was leading the way to a battered automobile of cheap make and ancient vintage. He cranked it, clambered aboard, shifted his knees under the wheel and motioned Andrews to get in. Spurred on by Mischief—Adventure—Folly—what you will—the younger man obeyed the gesture. Off up the village street wheezed the car. People on sidewalks and at windows peered in open curiosity as it passed. Andrews began to chafe.

"What has happened up here, to——"

"What has happened?" snapped the doctor in sudden hot rage. "Nothing! Nothing worth troubling you for an instant. Nothing except that for fifteen years the dearest little old woman in this country has slowly been dying of shame because her boy turned out a criminal and a bum and a loafer and never once came to see her. No, nor ever once wrote; except to cadge money from her, that she needed to keep soul and body together. And when she had no more to give him he stopped writing to her."

In dawning belief and with a slow resolve, John Andrews watched and listened. This fuming old fellow was sincere. He was deadly in his sincerity. The Prince of Doubters could not have questioned that. Nor was he insane.

(*Continued on page* 87)

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The car drew up and halted with a hollow cough in front of a fairly large frame house set well back from the road and in a state of early decay. The doctor dismounted and John shamefacedly followed him up the grass-patched broken stone walk to the front door. As Dr. Fuld's hand reached for the knocker, the door flew wide, framing in a dark background a slender, white-clad girl.

Her face was blanched and her eyes were wide with dread.

"Quick, doctor!" she exclaimed, before bestowing so much as one look on Andrews; "she has had another sinking spell! Quick!"

Dr. Fuld charged past her into the house and up the stairs. The girl's dusky eyes now rested, consciously, on Andrews for the first time. With a little cry of relief she threw her arms about his neck and, before he was aware of her intent, kissed him.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you've come! You've come at last! I'm so grateful. Hurry, dear!"

Andrews no longer hung back. There would be time, later, for the reckoning. He pressed on, close behind Ruth, up the stairs and into a great bare room at their head. Dr. Fuld was bending over a bed near the window. He was holding a glass to the lips of its occupant—a tiny woman with ivory face and thin white hair that lay loose about her on the pillow.

"He's come," Andrews heard the doctor saying, loudly. "He is here, Mrs. Andrews."

Without a second's hesitation, John Andrews went forward and fell on his kness at the bedside. The woman's groping, wasted old arms found his head and drew it down on her breast with a brokenly ecstatic gasp of:

"Oh, my own boy! Mother's little boy!"

The next hour was a strange dream to John Andrews. In after days he tried in vain to piece out its events. Through the haze, though, he remembered always the glorified joy in the blind face on the pillow; the hungry mother-love in the weak, clinging arms that would not for a moment release him; the kneeling form of the girl at the opposite side of the bed.

He recalled, too, when it was all over, his promise that Ruth should never know want. He recalled the doctor's troubled frown that glowered down at him from the bed foot; Ruth's grave and wondering eyes across the coverlet from him. But, most of all, the light of utter bliss that grew brighter and brighter on the mother's blind face as the pseudo prodigal lied and promised and boasted.

And, when that look of bliss was at its brightest, she died.

Ruth, her face buried in the pillow, was sobbing her heart out. Andrews withdrew silently from the room; walking backward as from the presence of royalty. Dr. Fuld followed him into the hallway.

"Maybe I did you an injustice," growled the physician. "Maybe we all have. If we have, I'm sorry. By the way, I don't want to intrude on your grief, Jack, but there's a very necessary matter to attend to. There is not five dollars in this house or any immediate means of raising more. I'd help if I could. But I'm strapped, as usual. And——"

Andrews stopped the half-embarrassed appeal by drawing out his checkbook and fountain pen. Writing hastily, on his knee, he made out a check payable to the physician; leaving the amount blank.

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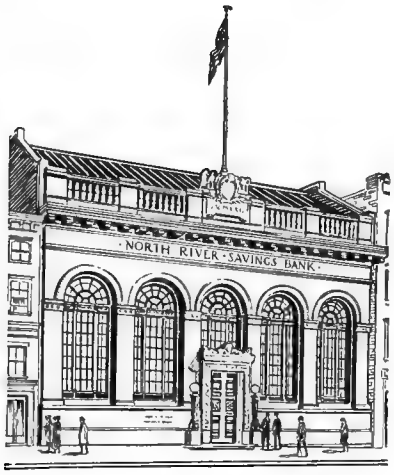

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of Police Magazine Published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925.

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter G. Springer who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Police Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Police Publishing Co., Inc. Editor, Perriton Maxwell, 19 West 44th Street, New York City. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Walter G. Springer, 19 West 44th St., New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Police Publishing Company, Inc., Stockholders: All capital stock is trusteed to Richard E. Enright, Barron Collier, George MacDonald and R. Waldo. No capital stock has been issued to any individual. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

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"Pay everything," he said simply. "Your own bill, the tradesmen's, the funeral expenses and any outstanding debts. If your local banker doubts the genuineness of my check, he has only to telegraph my bank. Your own identification will serve, at this end. And—and find out, if you can, what money my—my—sister requires for her present wants. Find out and add it to the check. And—and I thank you in the name of—of my—mother—for all you have done and are doing for us."

Then a figure came weavingly into the hall, just within John Andrews' line of vision. The figure of a man; most disreputably clad and right royally drunk.

The tramp was unquestionably the fellow whom he had caught, only a few nights earlier, in his rooms.

"What do you want here?" demanded Andrews, instinctively lowering his voice, though he knew they two were alone there upon the ground floor of the house.

"What do I want here?" echoed the other. "What wouldn't I want here? Hey? Tell me that! Born here. Thish's my home. My mother'sh house."

"Good Lord! What's your name?"

"John Andrewsh, 'f course. Who in blazes would I be? Where'sh Mother?"

"You say you are John Andrews," he began at last, "and that this is your mother's house? Then what were you doing in the 'Superior' apartments, in——"

"I know where Sh-Shperior' partmentsh are!" hiscoughed the newcomer. "No need to tell me! Didn't I work there, man an' boy, for pretty near three daysh? Wasn' I hired as night furnace man? An' didn' that shlob of a manager fire me? Jus' for gettin' full? But I—I got back at him. Got a few of the passkeys from the offsh an' dropped in one or two roomsh an——"

"Did you write to your mother from there, giving the 'Superior' as your address?"

"Yesh. First day I was on the job there. Wrote to her. Layin' pipes for a touch. I sure needed it. Wash that to you?"

John Andrews took the tramp none too gently by the throat.

"Look at me!" ordered Andrews, tensely. "Do you know me? I am the man whose room you tried to rob, at the 'Superior,' last week. Remember, now?"

A glance of unbelief, that changed to dawning and terror-stricken recognition, showed that his words had scored.

"Now then," resumed Andrews, adding more lies to the day's galaxy, "I am here with a warrant for your arrest on the charge of burglary. The local authorities have orders to jail you and hold you for extradition if ever again you are seen in this town or in this county. There is a reward out for you. For your mother's sake I'm going to give you one chance to get away. Here is a hundred dollars. Take it. And go. In half an hour I'll set the police after you. If you're in town at that time——"

He did not need to finish his threat. The tramp, clutching the money, his eyes big with stark fright, was already off, down the path, at a shambling run.

For the next three days, John Andrews rose steadily and rapidly in the esteem of all Ideala. His repressed but evident grief for his mother; his chivalric gentleness toward his sister; his eager insistence on shouldering every expense; his lack of all the abominable quali-

(*Continued on page* 90)

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ties wherewith for years his neighbors had credited him—these things made a mighty impression. Even Dr. Fuld was fain to apologize once more for his own harsh words of that first day. As for Ruth——

The funeral was over. The last friend had just departed. Ruth and John Andrews stood alone together on the porch of the silent home. Suddenly, she asked him:

"Who are you?"

He stared open-mouthed at her.

"Who are you, please?" she repeated. "And why have you done all this for total strangers?"

"Strangers?" babbled Andrews. "Why, Ruth, I——"

"I let you do it," she went on, slowly, evenly, unheeding his interruptions, "I let you do it, because I wanted my mother to die as she did die—in absolute peace. Because our name was tarnished by my brother and I wanted that name made bright again—as you have made it; and because expenses had to be met—expenses I could not meet. When the place is sold, there will be money enough left, above the mortgage, to pay you for all you have spent. I have seen to that; and I have kept account of every dollar. But what I can never repay you is for the far greater things you did for my mother, for me, for our name. Who are you? I want so to thank you as I should."

One more hero-effort did John Andrews make to revive her illusions. Mystified, stammering, he yet made shift to say:

"I—I am John Andrews, of course. How odd that you should doubt me! What has come over you? As for being in my debt for anything at all, that is absurd. There can be no balance sheet between us—little sister."

"Oh," she breathed, "You are a man! A man! And I thank God that I lived to meet one. When you came here with Dr. Fuld, I honestly thought you were my brother."

"I——"

"Then, just afterward, your hand lay on the coverlet of mother's bed. Your left hand. My brother's left hand had no little finger. He cut it off on a circular saw when he was ten years old. My mother told me about it a hundred times. His maimed hand used to frighten me when I was a child. "Oh, who are you?"

Suddenly a great light came to the man. He took both the girl's hands in his as he looked into her fair face and said:

"I am your future husband. My name is John Andrews. I live all alone in a great city a thousand miles away. One week from today we are to be married and you are going home with me. That's who I am—your very sudden and very loving husband."

And what John Andrews prophesied came strictly true.

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The Cops of Copenhagen

(*Continued from page* 28)

A veteran sergeant of police in the city of Copenhagen.

The town is divided into 70 daytime posts, 43 of which are for traffic control. At night the traffic posts are omitted, and the patrolmen go in pairs. Their system of patrol work is very much like the one used in Berlin and Vienna. Rounds of inspection, on cycles or on foot, are made from Headquarters. There are 111 patrol boxes, which act as an additional check, as the patrolman is supposed to look in passing to make sure that he has not been called up from the station-house. He waits at a stated point for his relief and goes thence, by the shortest route, back to the station-house.

If, in the course of pounding the pavements of his beat, he meets with a minor offender, the Constable notes his name and address in a pocket-book, and reports the facts when he goes off post. His Captain then attends to the matter, for police officials of that grade have judicial powers in the case of trifling misdemeanors. If the culprit is unwilling or unable to give a proper account of himself, however, he is arrested and taken to the station-house. If this inability is owing to drunkenness merely, he is kept in the station-house until he sobers up. Then they let him go.

The regular tour of a Constable's duty is eight hours; three hours on post; two in the station-house in reserve, then three more hours outside. At General Police Head-

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quarters there are forty men in reserve, always ready. The standard reserve for each precinct is ten men, but in some of the more important ones this number is considerably exceeded.

The Copenhagen police authorities are particular about those reserves of theirs, and take pride in them, as well they may. Once the reserves of the Sixth Precinct (the most important of the city) were called out for our benefit. We held our watches. Within one minute and thirty seconds a huge patrol motor-wagon, crammed with husky men, with automatic pistols if they were needed, and each with his lead-loaded rubber billy in the trousers pocket especially made for its reception, came rolling out to hoot its way along the street like a fire engine. This is one of the instances, we frankly own, in which the New York Police Department can learn a most profitable lesson from the Danes.

They are a remarkably fine set of men, these Danish police, whether taken from a physical or other standpoint. Never have we seen one of their number who failed in either efficiency or courtesy. There are cases of offenses against disciplinary regulations, of course, as there always must be until policemen all are recruited from angelic hosts. In such cases the Inspector may warn the culprit, may fine him (not more than half a month's pay), may transfer him to other and less desirable duty, may demote or, in extreme cases, may dismiss him from the service.

We guessed, from what we saw, that it was very rarely that anything of this sort happened. In the vast majority of cases, unless we were much mistaken, the Constable faithfully pursued his path of duty, perhaps leading to promotion, perhaps only to the pension, which comes with discharge owing to injuries received in line of duty (providing he is thirty years of age and is in good standing), which he has the right to demand when he reaches the age of sixty-five years and which is forced upon him at seventy, when the law requires that he should be retired. His pension is two-thirds of his former pay.

The characteristic of Danish police procedure which struck us most forcibly is what one might term its business-like kindliness. The paternal sort of procedure in the case of minor offenses already has been mentioned, but when the offender is a known citizen it goes farther than that.

Having noted the particulars of the offense on a form provided for that purpose, the Constable turns this record in at the station-house, whence it goes, by way of Headquarters, to the Fine Office. The Constable notifies the offender of this fact by sending him another form which conveys all the necessary information, if the fine is no more than sixty Kroner. Then, if the offender pays, or promises to pay within ten days, the matter is at an end. If he can't or won't pay, he is haled before the Town Court, and must have it out with the Judge.

If the fine is more than sixty Kroner (normally about $16.08 in our money) the case is sent direct to the Town Court. If, after every opportunity is given him, the offender still declines to pay, he must work it out in jail at these rates:

In cases involving less than 40 Kroner, each prison-day pays 4 Kroner.

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So there you are! "Be good," the Danish authorities seem to say in effect, "or we really *must* spank you. But you *know* that it hurts us more than it does you!"

Whether this firm, yet paternally indulgent, attitude of the police was characteristic of the Danish temperament we could not know. We guessed that it was, but our time in Copenhagen was limited, and we could not stay long enough to form adequate judgments in these matters. One thing, however, we did know; namely, that the uniformed force of Copenhagen, paternal or not, has produced one of the most brilliant individual examples of the modern, scientific as well as practical policemen that Europe can show.

This man is Mr. Hakon Jorgensen, Assistant Director of the Copenhagen Police, and therefore a member of the uniformed force, as already stated, but who, nevertheless, is recognized by detectives the world over as standing deservedly among the highest of their profession. It is he who represents his country at the International Police Conference; he who likewise was chosen as a delegate to the conference at Vienna, where his system of telidentification of fingerprints was formally adopted.

This method, invented and afterward perfected by him, cannot adequately be described within the necessary limits of this article. It amounts, in brief, to the analysis and classification of any fingerprint by a cleverly arranged set of coördinates which are represented by code numbers. These numbers, usually about fifty, can be sent by telegraph, cable, radio or any other method which will obtain the quickest results as to transmission.

Mr. Jorgensen was originally a detective, but also he had proved himself to be an executive of exceptional ability. Promotion therefore placed him high in the uniformed force, but his interest in his former work remained as keen as ever. When he perfected his fingerprint telidentification, he interested the Danish Home Office—which corresponds to our Department of the Interior. By this means an appropriation was obtained which established Mr. Jorgensen's system in an office wholly separate from and independent of the Copenhagen Criminal Identification Bureau and the Central Bureau of the nationalized detective force. To this bureau he gives his services without charge. With him are associated two assistants, only a little less brilliant than he—the Hon. Eric Scheffer, Judge of the Department of Copenhagen, and Miss Ingeborg Hellner-Neilsen, noted as a finerprint expert.

To us, however, Mr. Jorgensen was far more than merely an eminent member of our own profession. For it was he who, from the time of our arrival in Copenhagen, became our especial "guide, philosopher and friend," and who remained as such throughout our sojourn there. By no means was he the only one who made us welcome. Everybody did—or seemed to—even down to the casual patrolmen on post, whom we encountered as we passed to and fro through the wide and well-paved streets, immaculately kept. It was Mr. Jorgensen of whom we saw most, however, and therefore he more than any other one man who made our stay seem so woefully short.

We would have liked to return entirely by sea, but this would take too long. So, after a farewell luncheon at the Hotel d'Angleterre, under the auspices of the American Club, we reluctantly entrained; and, also reluctantly declining an invitation to linger in Holland, made the best of our way back to the land of the Stars and Stripes.

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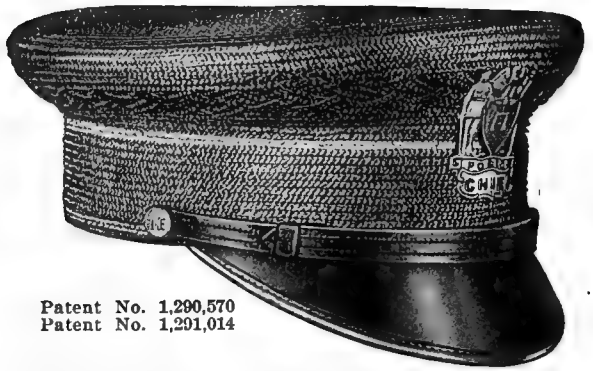

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He Was a Cunning Thief But—

(*Continued from page* 51)

She hesitated an instant. There seemed to be battling within her the inherent desire to be loyal to her old-fashioned ideas of a wife's duty, and her feeling that Christoffer and the depositors should be protected at all hazards.

She spoke some of her thoughts half to herself, half to me as though thinking out her problem. "He has defrauded his best friend, Uncle Stoffer, and he has defrauded his own lodges, the church and the Sunday-school he claimed for his own; he has taken the money that belongs to poor people—many, many poor people. He will have to be made to come back and he will have to be made to pay."

She sighed and then replied to my question.

"Yes, I think I can tell you one thing that might help—a little, I remember one night when he was courting me and we were walking along the road that leads through the oaks and the madrones towards Pole Mountain. It was moonlight. That was one reason we took the walk along that rough, winding road. We had read that very day about a young man in the employ of a trust company in San Francisco having stolen some bonds. They had caught him at New Orleans as he was about to take a boat for Central America, or maybe it was South America. I had expressed myself as being sorry for the boy, whose name I remember was Sanders. And Henry—Mr. Nagle—told me he knew Sanders well, used to board where he did. He said Sanders was a money-spending fool and was always good for a touch from his friends when they were broke. He said Sanders had been smart enough to steal the bonds and put them into cash but he had done just what every fool crook does, he had gone to one of the places where the police and detectives invariably look for embezzlers. Then he said to me, 'do you know what I'd do if I was going to pull a stunt like that?' "

"Of course I said, 'No.' "

" 'Well, I'll tell you,' said he. 'I'd change my looks a little, move to some other living place and stay right around where I did the job. They'd never find anybody who'd have the nerve to do a thing like that. The police and detectives would walk all around you. They're a bunch of wooden-heads. They can't find anybody. Anybody who couldn't hide in San Francisco couldn't hide in London.' "

I smiled and thanked her for this tip which might be serviceable; at any rate it gave me one more line on Nagle's character.

"He had a pretty good opinion of himself then, your—ex-husband."

"Oh yes," said she, "he thought he was just a little bit smarter than anybody else."

Nagle had taken no grips or clothes from his home or from any place anyone knew about. He had left the house at 7 p. m. This was in the latter part of October and it was dark by that hour, particularly so in the

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mountain country. The bank was on the single main street of the town and the rear of the building abutted right into the foot of a steep hill that was part of a heavily wooded country filled with oaks, pines and manzanitas. Cottages were located all through this part of the timber mostly on very large lots. It was a summer resort proposition right in this section. Nagle could have gone in and out of the rear of the bank building without anyone seeing him. There was no path back of the bank because of the steepness of the incline. One watchman patrolled the streets of the town at night and many people were about on the main street, *in front of the bank.* Nothing would have been easier than for Nagle to dart into the back door of the bank, take out the money, set the time lock for 9 a.m., Monday morning, and escape to the rear with the money. But, had he carried out this plan, how had he carried the money away and what kind of a conveyance, if any, had met him later? It soon became too dark to take up the search to advantage among the underbrush back of the bank even with a flashlight, so I confined my work to the bank itself for the present.

Unlike city banks, this one always had the curtains drawn down at night, consequently the thief had worked easily without detection. It had not taken him long to get the money out of the safe and vault with which he was perfectly familiar. There had been bills of all denominations ready for the payroll of the Quicksilver Mining Company. The bookkeeper and myself figured the size of Nagle's haul would take up approximately a space of five cubic feet if he had packed it compactly.

Adjoining Nagle's own private-room in the bank, there was a closet to which he alone had the key. He had left the door unlocked, so I rummaged around in there and found nothing but some circulars about South American steamship travel. In his desk there were more circulars of the same sort, and in his waste paper basket there was one circular crumpled up at the bottom that had check-marks along the margins of the time-table section. This of course appeared to be a "plant," intended for the officers. However, here was another thing to consider. Supposing Nagle's mind had worked in this fashion:

"If the authorities know that I have talked South America and worked up this impression and left these circulars to throw them off the scent, then I will be safe in going there."

And, he may have been subtle enough to have planted the idea in his sweetheart's head, fourteen years ago. Surmises are not supposed to be indulged in to any great extent in the high-class detective profession, but nevertheless it is sometimes done. The result of my investigation so far led me to the conclusion that I was more than likely up against some good old-fashioned, fourteen karat clue following. So I went to work.

Outside and back of the bank there was a wire hopper in which waste paper had been burned. Nagle had recently burned some papers there. But the search here was disappointing and revealed nothing of value. Close by and in the next lot, however, I came upon a pile of gunny-sacks some of which were filled with chrome, and lying on the ground were three empty ones. They belonged to the owner of the general store next door, who was developing a chrome deposit near town. I saw him and together we inspected the pile of sacks. He happened to be a stingy old codger and he soon yelled out that two of his sacks were missing. They were com-

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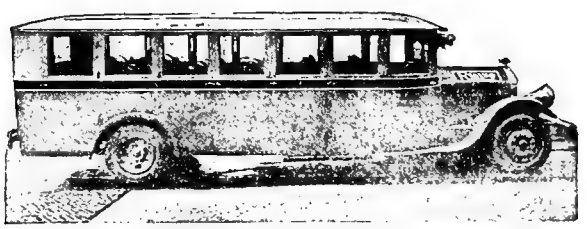

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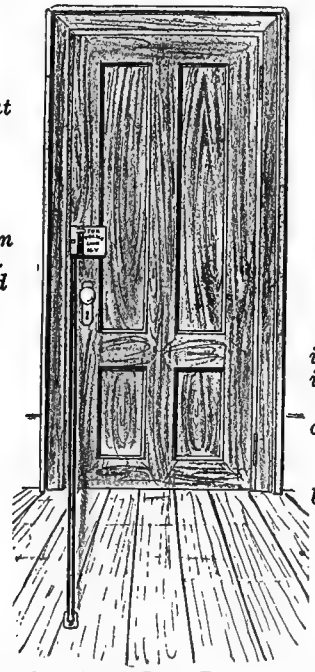

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paratively new ones which he had ordered recently for shipping the mineral to a government shipyard. The sacks had been manufactured at the San Quentin penitentiary. Nagle had probably divided his load, carried one over his shoulder and dragged the other one. I decided not to wait until morning but commenced to look in the undergrowth and timber directly back of the bank to see if the thief had left evidences of his trail.

He had. I was rewarded by finding a few threads from the gunny-sacks clinging to a huckleberry bush, and there were evidences of one sack having been dragged through oak leaves and pine needles. This was fairly plain because there had been a heavy rain two days before the peculation, but none since. Three hundred feet directly back and west of the bank is an old road which the state highway commission had recently had surveyed for grading and improving. A stake had been knocked or kicked over. Close by this were two perfectly plain shoe prints, evidently from Nagle's number tens.

But the road was rocky, being a kind of natural macadamized lime and sand and there were no marks of any kind apparent. The road to the left was crossed by another road that ran to Christoffer and other ranches, and pursued its way onward towards Guerneyville after crossing the railroad track straight to the edge of town. To the right the road led towards a wilder ranch country, to a private road leading to the Quicksilver mine and finally through the largest canyon in the country to the sea. Because of the tremendous trees in this country, many of which actually touched their tops above the road and made the cavern beneath as dark as a cellar. I had to give up nosing about with my flashlight, and wait uutil morning.

One thing was certain: Nagle had not left the town by any known means of transportation. The idea of getting out of this village on the train was preposterous. There was only one train a day anyway, that is one passenger and one freight, and the arrival and departure of these comprised the main events of each twenty-four hours. There are not many autos in this particular country because of its steep mountains and bad roads, most of which are little more than trails. No, Nagle had either used a horse or walked. If he had chosen the former means of traveling, then he had stolen or "borrowed" a nag, because he owned none.

I telephoned to San Quentin and asked the warden if he would loan me a couple of blood-hounds if I would send over for them. He kindly offered to do this and said he would have one of his officers meet whoever I sent at Guerneyville. The hounds were brought to that point in an auto, and Christoffer himself met them and brought them into Cazadero at daybreak.

Chris and myself each took a hound in leash and started. They sniffed at Nagle's old shoes as though they knew exactly with what their senses must be charged. They were slightly confused where my own tracks and, perhaps, those of others may have crossed Nagle's in the backyard of the bank and through the brush. But from the point where I had found the two distinct shoe-marks near the survey-stake, they had but little trouble. The fact that it had rained, and but little of the old road is hardlly reached by the sun, fixed the scent longer than would have ordinarily been the case.

"You sure know your business!" exclaimed Christoffer much excited.

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"No," said I, "you're mistaken. It's these hounds that know their business. What I'm after is to get your money for you first if I can, or a part of it, and after that we'll try and find your Sunday-school superintendent."

A quarter of a mile, a half mile, a mile along the limestone road. Then the dogs stopped suddenly. Here Nagle had probably rested the sacks. They nosed about in a small circle and then pulled us along the road again. Finally we came to a small canyon through which ran Austin creek, bridged by redwood logs. Then the dogs stopped again.

They had lost the trail! But no, they found it immediately at the side of the bridge where he had knelt down by the water to take a drink. There were his shoe-prints and the plain mark of his knee in the wet bank. I thought of what his wife had told me. "A sly drinker." This time not so sly he had probably loaded up on booze the night before, and had been thirsty all day while he did his dirty work and started on his get-away. So he had stopped to drink though he had labored but a mile and not very strenuously at that. But where had he gone from here?

"Ah, ah!" Christoffer was chuckling with delight. The hounds were pulling us off to the left along the south bank of Austin creek which dropped lower and lower until it hit the sea four miles west. Now the trail was easy for the dogs because the ground was unusually damp. But if it had not been for these animals we never could have followed the trail, even with the help of an occasional shoe-print, because finally the marks ceased and nothing but the instinct of the dogs saved the day.

"To Black Rock! I'll bet you a thousand dollars to a nickel," shouted Chris, "that he's gone over to old Black Rock."

"I won't take you," said I, "you know the country too well and my nickels are valuable. Just where is this Black Rock?"

"Over yonder," cried Chris, pointing to the southwest. "Why in hell did he go that way? Why didn't he follow Austin Creek until he hit the ocean and take a boat or something?"

"Hello, what's this?" It was my time to get excited. My hound had pulled me up to an empty pint flask that had contained whisky. Christoffer looked at me and nodded significantly.

Twenty minutes later we were close to Black Rock, a small mountain of granite, rising precipitously out of the surrounding country like an inland Gibraltar. One side slopes down sheer so that it can be climbed but three-fourths of its vertical side. It frowned down upon us as much as to say, "Well, here I am. What are you going to do about it?"

There were so many small boulders and rough undulations in the ground below the mountain that we had difficulty in following the dogs. It was a case of stumbling, sliding and picking our way along behind our faithful pilots. At last we let one of the dogs loose and the other struggled frantically to catch up with his companion.

"Wonder Nagle never thought o' this dog business," cogitated Christoffer.

"Crooks always forget something," said I, "that is, almost always."

"Did you ever know any of 'em who didn't forget something—make a break of some kind?"

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"Yep. I knew one. There's only one of the superman kind born in a century I suppose, but this one I knew—know now for that matter, is the greatest criminal of all times."

But this was no time to talk, even though it appeared that we were close to a reward of some kind and could relax a trifle. Christoffer knew of no caves here. It developed, however, that Nagle had occasionally gone on long walks by himself, for the ostensible purpose of indulging his bent for religious contemplation. Christoffer had seen the man walk out by his ranch on Sunday afternoons but had paid no particular attention to him. Perhaps he had swung around in a half circle and reached Black Rock this way. Perhaps not. Surmises, again.

But the dogs had found a hole, and this hole was mighty interesting to us. Right in front of it was a marshy spot out of which bubbled a weak spring of water. Between the hole, a triangularly shaped crack in the lower part of a huge chunk of disintegrated granite just large enough for a man to wiggle through, and the spring, was a dry sandy place about two feet wide. It was large enough for a man to stand on without getting wet from the spring. But I could discern no marks of any kind here. They had probably been scraped away, although the theif had been correct in figuring that no one would be likely to come this way.

Christoffer held the dogs while I started to go into the hole. I could just make it by lying down on my belly and wriggling through. Nagle was thin. I was a trifle huskier.

"Hey," shouted Christoffer as I stuck my head into the place," maybe that darned guy's in there an'll shoot you!"

I stopped to laugh. "No—he isn't in here, and if he is he hasn't got nerve enough to shoot a grasshopper."

However, perhaps I was taking an unnecessary chance. So, I yelled into the hole: "Nagle! If you're in there and shoot me, Christoffer's out here with a double-barreled shot-gun and he'll kill you."

The fact was, Christoffer had no gun and I only had a Savage 38 in a hip pocket which I could not have reached in the position I was in, but if the man was in there the bluff would work.

I crawled into the aperture edging my right hand with the flashlight before me until I had gone twice my own length. Then I encountered a small bowlder which completely stopped up the passage. I joggled this out and then started in again. This time when I reached the point where the bowlder had been I found a larger opening, big enough for me to sit up in. It was simply a pocket, that was all there was to it, but in the pocket were two sacks, and in those sacks was at least a portion of the hundred thousand dollars of stolen money!

I am always happy when I begin to scent success. I was so jubilant at this juncture that I could have shouted and yet I restrained the impulse. I must have a little fun with the jovial banker.

I crept back and pulled one of the sacks part way with me, but when I emerged from the opening, it could not be seen. Christoffer looked at me questioningly. I shrugged my shoulders.

"He's not there," said I, "but he's been there, evidently to hide for a night."

Christoffer sighed. He did not even ask about the money. In his own mind he simply knew it wasn't

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there and let it go at that. But he was philosophical.

"What'll we do now?" he asked. "Follow the trail out o' here I suppose?"

"Yes," I replied casually, "unless you want to take the money back now; or maybe you'd rather get your car and bring it back that way. It's pretty heavy to lug."

He started to say something, then his mouth hung open and he looked at me with his popping eyes. I crawled back inside and brought forth first one sack and then another.

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled!" cried Christoffer jumping up and down and wringing my hand at the same time, "that beats anything I ever heard of."

A hasty count by packages disclosed the fact that Nagle had only taken ten thousand dollars, and as nearly as Christoffer could tell that was in bills of larger denominations, probably twenties, fifties and hundreds.

"Listen, Mr. Christoffer," said I, "you can get along without this money without much inconvenience can't you, for a few days say?"

"Sure. I've got everything fixed so that I can handle things, the way I told you. The bank in San Francisco will see me through."

"All right. Then I want to do this. Henry Nagle is probably in San Francisco. It isn't likely he is hiding in the forest here or in any of the small towns, but he's probably in the city, with his face shaved smooth and his general appearance changed. And that's where his ten thousand dollars would do him some good—in the city, not out her. Very well. Let's follow the dogs until they lcse the trail or run into the sea, then go back to town and give out the story that Nagle has made a clean get-away with the money. To avoid the possibility of his returning to this spot meanwhile and getting the money, we'll take it along with us and hide it some place closer to your ranch and tonight we'll come out and get it. I'll have a man out here from the city pronto to watch this hole while I'm gone."

"You're goin' away?" asked the banker.

"Yes, I'm going to San Francisco and give out to the newspapers that Henry Nagle has fled to South America and that the authorities down there have been communicated with so they can apprehend him when he arrives. I'll leave my man here to watch the place where Nagle thinks his swag is, and I'll look around San Francisco a little to see if I might not pick him up there."

"Good," rejoiced Christoffer.

So we carried out this exact plan. The dogs led us to the ocean. Here it was impossible to tell what Nagle had done, because of the sand. He might have had a boat meet him, following some pre-arranged plan. He might have walked along the beach or as close to the ocean as he could until he came to Point Reyes or some other place. Or he might have taken a more inland route. He would have plenty of time to shave and don new clothes if he had a change planted at Black Rock or some other point. All surmises again, and of no particular good to the investigation. Ten thousand dollars would last him a long time, if he was as careful as he had been during all of his life to date, but the chances were that with his growing whisky habit, and the fact that he knew he now had a fortune he would splurge a little. At least he would indulge his appetite for drink and excitement. His habits, as shown by his wife, of drinking and reading dirty novels would show him to be the kind of a man who would

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take to these things now that he had money, and who believed he had a great deal of money when he could safely return for it. Remember, this Black Rock locality, particularly where he had placed the funds, was as unfrequented as a coral atoll in the south seas.

That night Christoffer and myself took the money to a safe place near the latter's home. The villagers, the local newspapermen and the San Francisco papers and Associated Press were given the story Christoffer and I had discussed.

I went back to San Francisco, ostensibly to await returns from South America, after leaving a reliable man on watch near the hole in Black Rock. I sent another man out from the city. If anyone came into the section where they were, they would say they were hunters, camping out. There were plenty of vantage points where the hole could be seen without the watchers being observed. A day and night watch was necessary.

I hardly expected much from a general survey of the high-ways and by-ways of San Francisco, as far as catching Nagle there was concerned. And yet, I did not know how long it would take him to blow his money and hasten back to his cache for more, or perhaps to remove the whole amount.

That he had shaved himself clean, and perhaps even taken the trouble to shave directly over his nose so that the eyebrows could not come together in the peculiar arch normal to them, I was certain. That he would change his clothes before he got into San Francisco or before he even got on the ferry-boat running into the city, I was equally positive.

But with the hope that I might save time and get through with the case I scoured San Francisco for Nagle.

He had lived on Nob Hill when he formerly resided in the city. He had always lived on Nob Hill or Pacific Heights, but Nob Hill last. Any man who lives on hills for any length of time seldom goes down into the lower sections of a town to live. A hill man is a hill man, whether he be an Indian or a civilized human. People who live down under the hills in a hilly city will laugh at the man who walks or rides up an incline to get to his home every day. The man who lives on the hill is unable to understand why anybody likes to live in what to him seem hollows or undesirable pits in the residence section. As Nagle had lived on hills during the years he had been in San Francisco, I figured he would make for a hill the first thing, unless he put up in the top of some high hotel like the St. Francis, the Palace or the Cliff. But, if he stopped at a hotel it would more than likely be the Fairmont, which had the advantage of being on the brow of Nob Hill.

He would not go into the Mission because it would hardly be swagger enough for a man with ten thousand dollars in his pocket and ninety thousand snugly tucked away where nobody could find it. I knew Mr. Linnard and Mr. Hammond Williams, Proprietor and Treasurer of the Fairmont and it did not take ten minutes to ascertain that Nagle could not possibly be there, no matter how cleverly he might have disguised himself. Most of the Fairmont guests are permanent ones so the transients are easily spotted.

Russian Hill, directly to the north of Nob, looked the best bet to me as the place for friend Henry Nagle to live. The chances were he would get an apartment

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there and live all his life in that locality without attracting the slightest attention. Russian Hill is made up of rich Italians and Americans with a liberal sprinkling of well-to-do artists, writers and retired actor-folk. People living in other parts of the city seldom go to this section. The idea seems prevalent that only the "romantic" or "Bohemian" element sojourn there, and this is true to some extent. Anyway, it appeared that a chap like Nagle would probably pick out this place to live in for a time at least.

I had his laundry mark, but he would probably leave all of his old clothes out in the country, or destroy them.

I had samples of his handwriting, but these were of no immediate use unless—unless—well, I would drop this thought for a moment and return to it.

The services of the post office department were of no use to me, because Nagle would get no mail. If he did it would be under an assumed name, of course.

The telegraph companies would have nothing for him.

Running down boot-leggers would do no good, because there were myraids of them and this would take too long, although it was a cinch Nagle would be drinking pretty hard.

I won't bore you by describing the long process of elimination and deduction I employed finally to get back to the handwriting factor as being the best in tracking Henry Nagle if it was in the cards I was to nab him in San Francisco before he returned to his cache in the mountains.

The problem was worked out in this way: Practically all the homes on Russian Hill, houses and cottages, are occupied by their owners. Most of the apartments are for rent unfurnished. Those furnished were quickly investigated by my assistants and myself. This was a matter of a few hours, although all the work had to be done in such a way as not to flush our quarry. In any investigation somebody has to be trusted to keep his mouth shut long enough not to "gum up" the detective's work. Here it became necessary to ask Mr. McGaw who lives on Russian Hill and is in the real estate business to let us see his records. Mr. McGaw lives next to his father-in-law, Mr. Baldwin, and between them they control most of the business in this section of the city. Renting is not the main part of their business but they have many apartments and apartment buildings for lease and for rent. All these unfurnished apartments must be leased. A lease requires handwriting. Henry Nagle had a large, flourishing, semi-Spencerian handwriting. His signatures were those of a man who thought he could write a very fine hand and wanted everybody to know it. Another piece of writing that must be done in acquiring an unfurnished apartment, is signing for gas and electric light service. That is usually. It was so with most of the places on this hill.

Henry Nagle would try to disguise his handwriting. It went without saying he would change his name.

Meanwhile the newspapers were publishing accounts, gradually diminishing in size, of the hunt for the missing bank cashier, which was supposed to be directed by me, through the South American police. Nagle would read these and "sit pretty." At least this is what I concluded he would do.

Through the realty men mentioned and the owners of unfurnished apartment houses a list was soon compiled that was up to the minute.

Falling back upon the handwriting instruction I had

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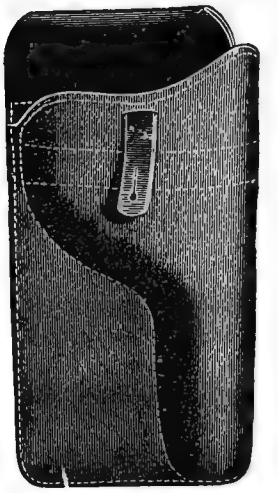

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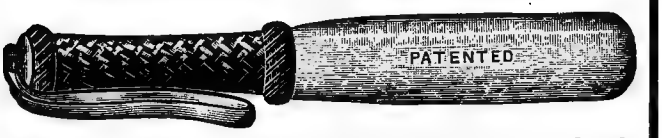

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been fortunate enough to acquire in Paris under Frederic Weber, the famous expert, I took samples of Nagle's penmanship and evolved what I considered would be a close sample of the way he would attempt to form his letters when he faced the problem of disguising his handwriting. The sample I had evolved was vertical and written with a coarse stub pen. Nagle's original hand was round and, though fine, was full of flourishes and curlicules, which would not be entirely missing in the new handwriting he would assume.

The files of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company produced an application and a signed contract from a new tenant who had just rented an unfurnished apartment at the corner of Green and Taylor Streets, Russian Hill. This interested me. And when I saw the lease for the place in the real estate office, I was more than interested. The papers had been signed: "JOHN BELL."

The place had been furnished by M. & J. Sloane and Parmellee-Dohrman & Company, and it had been done in excellent taste. Five thousand dollars will make quite a showing in a four-room apartment. There was no piano. It became my immediate business to call upon Mr. Bell for the apparent purpose of seeing if he did not want to purchase a piano or a piano-player, perhaps.

He was dickering with a Chinaboy, when I rang the bell and was admitted, and the boy went away and left us together. Mr. Bell had recently been shaved clean, even to an inch between the eyebrows.

"Why sure," grinned he, "I'll consider a piano, but it must be a good one. I'll have no cheap things around me. Oh, by the way, what do you say if we have a little snifter?"

As he spoke he crossed to his new sideboard, poured out a couple of drinks and brought them back. I stood up and we clicked our glasses.

"Here's to you, Henry Nagle!"

I spoke quietly, but the words must have stabbed him like the thrust of a stiletto.

"My God!" he moaned. He managed to gulp the whisky and then collapsed into a chair. His face was white and his hands trembled. "Isn't there some way we can fix this thing up? The money—I—I—I'll give you a nice piece of it if you'll——"

I reached over and snapped the bracelets on the craven wretch and then he commenced to blubber. "I tell you I'll make it all right with you. Don't you like money? Wouldn't you like to have money—thousands of dollars——"

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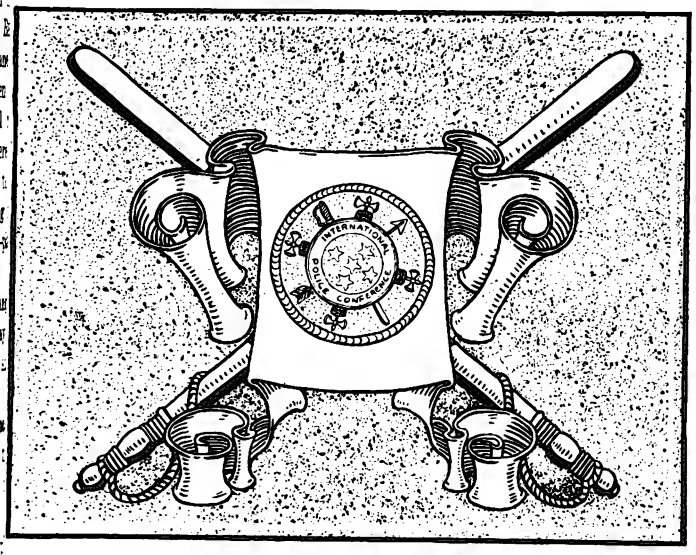
"I've only got maybe four thousand dollars, but I can get more."

His face brightened considerably and he ceased his blubbering and trembling. He thought he was about to arrange a transaction in graft.

"Listen, Nagle," said I. "Whatever you've got in your pocket is all you possess. We have the rest of the money. It was just where you hid it, underneath Black Rock. I'm going to take you back to Sonoma County tomorrow morning. My advice to you is to plead guilty, and start in serving your time as soon as possible."

A week later Henry Nagle was sentenced to San Quentin penitentiary for ten years.



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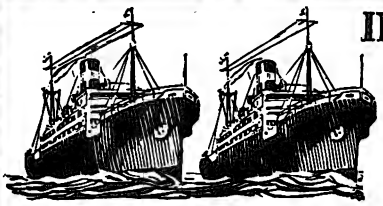

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When Justice Grins

(*Continued from page* 17)

"What do you mean by prostituting the dignity of this tribunal with such misleading correspondence?" he demanded in an indignant voice. The newspaper man was overcome with silence. The Justice glowered. Then he spoke again.

"I want you to wire, your editor," he said, "and tell him that it was Justice White who borrowed that chew from me—not I from him!"

The debate was hot and the heckling steady.

"If I cannot speak standing I will speak sitting," said Lord Chatham with determination, "and if I cannot speak sitting I will speak lying."

"He will do the last no matter what position he assumes," growled Lord North under his breath.

Tricking a liar is an art, and one of the past-masters at that art was the famous Irish lawyer and statesman, Daniel O'Connell. In a murder case once the proof of the guilt of O'Connell's client hung on the identification of a hat said to be the accused's and found near the body of the victim.

The chief witness for the state clung to the testimony that he knew this to be the defendant's hat. So O'Connell went to work on him. He got a series of plain, matter of fact statements to the effect that this was the defendant's hat. He reminded the witness of his oath, of the fact that a human soul hung on his words, and asked if he were willing to swear that this was the defendant's hat.

The witness insisted he was telling the truth.

O'Connell paused. He picked up the hat and examined it. Stepping to the window, he scrutinized the hat and peered inside. Holding it up to the light, he spelled out haltingly, "J-a-m-e-s; James," the name of the accused.

"You saw this name in the hat, of course?" inquired O'Connell.

"Certainly sir," replied the witness, "I am basing my testimony on that. I read it when I picked it up."

O'Connell stalked across to the bench. He held the hat up for the judge's inspection. "See if *you* can find that name in that hat, Your Honor," he said.

And the case was won!

On O'Connell's first sitting as Lord Mayor of Dublin, the court was so extremely crowded that he ordered the tipstaff to clear the room. "Let all persons leave the court that haven't business," cried one of the officials.

"Somewhat different from the style of one court crier I used to know," remarked the Lord Mayor to an attorney nearby.

"He used to call: 'All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers quit the court.'"

Among those who have given Justice cause for not a few chuckles was Abraham Lincoln. In one particular trial he was opposed by a fluent and persuasive attorney, Judge Logan. In addressing the jury Lincoln proceeded to undermine its confidence in his opponent's accuracy.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you must be careful not to permit yourselves to be overcome by the eloquence of the counsel for the defence. Judge Logan, I know, is an effective lawyer. I have met him too often to doubt that. But shrewd and careful though he be, still he is sometimes wrong. Since this trial has begun I have discovered that, with all his caution and fastidiousness, he hasn't knowledge enough to put his shirt on right."

The court gasped and Lincoln paused. Logan grew

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crimson and everybody in the room riveted his eyes on the offending garment. Surely enough, the pleated bosom was on backwards—and in the gale of laughter that followed the disclosure, the flustered man's eloquence was utterly destroyed and its effect on the jury rendered nil by the half-suppressed grin that appeared on every face when he rose to speak.

Before Lord Charles Russell became Chief Justice of England, he was one day attempting to discover from a witness some details regarding the size of certain hoof-prints left on the sand by a horse which figured in the case in hand.

"How large were these prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" and he extended his fist for comparison.

"Oh, no sir," said the witness promptly, "it was just an ordinary hoof!"

And Justice herself joined in the laugh.

In attempting to convict a defaulting official of the opposite party during his governorship of Texas, General "Sam" Houston was accused by his enemies of making a political persecution of the affair. "I have no intention of persecuting him," retorted the Governor. "I shall bring the facts before a jury and they cannot fail to indict him. The indictment will be brought to trial and they cannot fail to convict him. After he has been sentenced, he will change his tune and his friends will presently appear here asking for executive clemency. And then I shall pardon him—for, upon my honor, I will not have the penitentiary of Texas contaminated by the presence of such a scoundrel!"

International Police Conference Characters and Ideals

(*Continued from page* 55)

of the Metropolitan Police, London, and commander at the famous Scotland Yard, has commissioned to be his personal representative, A. E. Bassom, O.B.E., London's Traffic Chief. The cities of Manchester, Bristol, Nottingham, Salford and Newport are represented by their Chief Constables, in other words, their chiefs of police. Captain C. E. Gower of Newport is President of the Chief Constables Association in England. From the Scotch side of the border come the Chief Constables of the two great cities Edinburgh and Glasgow. From across the Channel in the Irish Free State comes the popular Commissioner of the Free State Civic Guard, Gen. Eoin O'Duffy, who made many friends on the occasion of his visit to the 1923 conference. He is accompanied by Patrick Walsh, Assistant Commissioner of the Free State police.

Important national officials are attending from Italy, Hungary, Japan, Holland, Jugo Slavia, New South Wales, Australia, and Cuba. Hungary is sending Kazmer Vay, Chief of the Police Section of its Ministry of the Interior, besides Dr. John Bingert, police captain in Budapest and Josep Szalay, chief of police in Szeyed.

From Japan comes the secretary of her Home Department, Shnzo Uno, whose position places him in charge of the national police. It is equivalent to that of our Secretary of the Interior. Holland's delegate is Jonkheer A. D. Laman Trip, Captain in the Royal Gendarmerie, the Hague. Italy's representative is the chief of her important Scientific Police School, Director Salvatore Ottolenghi. The newly-created Jugo Slavia hastens to

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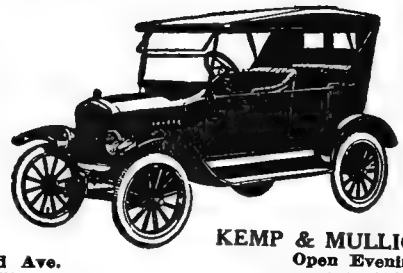
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take her place beside the older nations by sending the Chief of Public Security in the Ministry of the Interior in Belgrade, Vasa Lazarevich. The Hon. Alberto Barreras, member of the Cuban Senate and formerly Provincial Governor in Havana, represents that southern isle.

South America is formidably represented in the Conference. The three great A.B.C. countries have important and learned delegates here, men who attracted attention by their ability on the occasion of the last Conference. Peru is again sending her highly capable representative of 1923, and this year Ecuador is joining the gathering by delegating her chief of police in Quito, Carlos A. Bermeo, as her spokesman. Argentine returns to the Conference the accomplished Cæsar E. Etcheverry, Commissioner of Identification in Buenos Aires, with whom comes Horton Fernandez, Inspector General in the police of the Argentine capital. Brazil is again represented by one of her ablest police officials, Dr. Carlos De A. Galvao, Assistant Police Commissioner in Rio de Janiero. Chile has here Ernesto Merino, secretary of the Santiago department and Arturo Venegas, the highly-capable chief of the Valparaiso police. Peru is represented by Octavio C. Casanave, who, as Prefect of Police in Lima, made many friends here at the 1923 Conference.

Among the men of especial distinction who will speak before the conference will be, in addition to most of those mentioned in the foregoing, F. E. Louwage, of the Police Judiciare, Brussels, Belgium. M. Louwage is one of the distinguished police scientists of the world and is also editor of the Belgian police journal. From Sweden comes also a policeman of note in his own land, Chief Martin Kjellin of the city of Goteborg. Gustaf Harleman, police commissioner of Stockholm will also be present.

A weighty delegation from the principal Canadian cities includes no less a figure than the Chief of the Royal Mounted, about whom every American knows more than he does about his own state police. He is Cortlandt Starnes, Commissioner of the Royal Mounted, Ottawa. From Montreal, which naturally has very close relations with the more northerly departments in the United States, come three representatives. The veteran chief of the police department, Pierre Belanger, is accompanied by J. A. A. Brodeur, Chairman of the Executive Committee and D. D. Lorrain, Commander of the Provincial Government Police. The others from the Dominion are S. J. Dickson, Chief Constable in Toronto, G. H. Rioux, chief of detectives, Province of Quebec, David Coulter, Chief Constable in Hamilton and Walter Staneland, Police Commissioner in Victoria, B.C. From the opposite end of the British Dominions in America comes P. J. O'Neill, Superintendent of Police, St. Johns, Newfoundland. Another British colonial delegate comes from a third direction. J. Howard Sempill, the efficient chief of Hamilton, Bermuda represents the Islands. From still farther overseas, New South Wales sends its General Inspector, or commander of police, James Mitchell of Sydney. Another far traveler across the Pacific is the Chinese representative, E. D. Wolfe, Captain Superintendent at Hong Kong.

Central America and the West Indies are generously represented. Guatemala sends her Inspector General of Police, Teofilo Lima, from Guatemala City. Honduras has delegated Major Napoleon Alcantara of Tegucigalpa. Salvador and Costa Rica are sending delegates, while Porto Rico is well-represented by Nathaniel A. Walcott, Police Commissioner, San Juan, and George W. Lewis,

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Chief of the Insular Police. Uncle Sam's latest acquisition, The Virgin Islands, is represented by Michael J. Nolan, Director of Police in St. Thomas. Panama sends Guy Johannes, the chief of police and fire division in the Canal Zone.

The International Police Conference will turn the world's best police brains to the task of combatting the rising tide of crime, to the reduction of youthful crime and to the problem of awakening the lay world to the perils that lurk in the crime situation. These will be among the great matters considered. Among the others will be several that will be brought forward as surprises to the Conference, and sensational surprises as well. Criminal identification and radio naturally will be among the greater topics to be considered.

The conference has as one of its great objects, indeed, as its central object, the establishment in the United States of a National Police Bureau such as every foreign delegate to the conference is familiar with through the possession of one by his own country. All other countries, with territory only a fraction the size of ours, have these central bureaus of identification where information about criminals is instantly available for every local department within the national boundaries. How important, even vital, this is to good police work can readily be made obvious even to the layman.

It has often happened that fingerprints have been found at the scenes of important crimes and that it has been impossible to identify the perpetrators because no similar fingerprints may be in the files of some other department, only a few states away. But, and this is a large but, the ascertaining of that fact may involve the sending out of 10,000 circulars. That is a task beyond the resources of most departments, so that thing is not done. Therefore, the murderers or robbers go untouched by justice.

Picture the difference once a National Police Bureau is in operation. Then a single inquiry to that Bureau in Washington brings to the aid of a small police force all the resources of all the departments of the United States. The same advantages will be obtained through it in the cases of malefactors caught in a city where they are unknown. These are only the obvious advantages to be obtained through the establishing of a National Bureau that will gather from and disseminate to all the police organizations of the country all kinds of information about criminals.

President Coolidge in his last annual message called on Congress to create such a bureau for the advancement of police co-operation in this country, but the pressure of a short session prevented the bill being reached in Congress. It is confidently expected, however, that such a bill will be passed next winter and that thereafter the police of America will cease to be merely a number of poorly connected municipal forces and will become an organized alliance presenting a united front against crime. That is the great probability of 1926.

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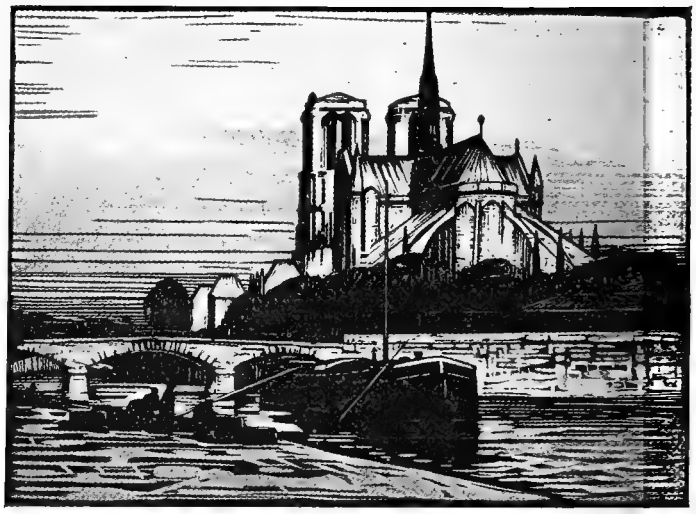

An American Police Bureau In Paris

Why Such an Institution Would Work to the Advantage of Tourists as Well as the French Officials of the Capital

By Henry S. Simpson

An increase of over five thousand per cent in foreign visitors to France has tremendously complicated the administration of law and order by the municipal and national police since 1918. Indeed the greatest of all police difficulties are those created by the foreigner, and not the smallest proportion of these by any means are due to Americans, not only of criminal proclivities, but the normally friendly visitor.

Examination of public safety statistics indicates that the work of the police has easily doubled since the signing of the Armistice. Part of this additional burden is caused by an increase of three thousand per cent in the number of automobiles operating in the Republic, imposing a tremendous additional traffic burden from this cause alone. An augmented personnel has been required, but this by no means has been able to cope with the new conditions as they have arisen.

After-war conditions in France, as doubtless in all other countries, have produced a vast upward surge in the quantity of crime, and because of the language differences, a great proportion of these malfeasances are directed against the foreign visitor. Hardly a day passes without a report to the police of the commission of larcenies against strangers in the country, usually money, though in addition the thefts of jewelry reach a gradually increasing total. It speaks well for the French police that they are able to recover anywhere from ten to one hundred per cent of these thefts, though they are far from satisfied with their own results.

The criminal element, however, has seen tremendous additions to its ranks since the war. Just why so many of the lawless have seen fit to concentrate themselves in France in general, and Paris in particular, is not

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apparent. The facts are that Paris has proved a veritable lodestone for the criminal from other lands. Possibly the relatively easy-going life of Continental Europe, and the opportunity to prey upon thousands of foreigners, strangers both to laws, manners, language, and customs, have both proved attractive to the crook. The field of activity of the thief in France seems to center about hotels and private houses, and the visiting American constitutes at least eighty per cent of the victims. Whether this is due simply to contributory carelessness on the part of the American traveler, or to a deliberate concentration on visitors of that nationality, it is difficult to say, though probably both are proportionately true.

The Parisian police have decided that a number of definite criminal organizations, each under the control or guidance of a "master mind" with a number of lieutenants, are in existence in the capital. While they are thoroughly familiar with their own criminal horde, the French police find themselves very severely handicapped by lack of intimate knowledge of the foreign crook, and particularly those that come from the United States. For that reason they believe that one of the most valuable aids that could be instituted would be the permanent establishment of a French branch of New York police with headquarters in Paris where it would be in intimate touch and co-operation with the Paris Surête. There are a number of excellent reasons for the presence of an American *liaison* police office in Paris, but chiefly may be accented the difficulties the American victim now encounters in obtaining prompt action from the French officials. Like every other organization, the French police have their hands full with the difficulties of their own people, and possibly they do not feel the keen sense of responsibility for the nationals of other lands who may find themselves victimized in France.

One of the outstanding reasons for the concentration of the criminal on the American visitor is the deeply ingrained conviction obtaining from the highest to the lowest Frenchman, citizen or official, that all Americans are rich. No amount of argument or denial will change this belief. It is an *idee fixé*, and there it stands. As a result the American is exploited to a far greater extent than could be possible in the case of a traveller from Italy, England, or Germany. No halo of riches surrounds the visitor from these other lands. It need not be doubted, indeed, that fully twenty-five out of every hundred American visitors to France, and particularly to Paris, find themselves victims of some illegal operation to separate them from their cash or their property. And when that happens the one recourse is the police, at which point troubles begin.

Largely because of lingual difficulties and secondly because of a difference in form and method, much time is wasted at the *Commissariat de la Surête*, and always this is precious time, the important moments immediately after the discovery of the crime. The French police have a definite system of procedure, and until the case reaches the proper hands, no action is possible. It is just here that an American office would be of inestimable advantage, for the representatives would automatically come into contact with their nationals, and being familiar with both languages and methods, would get the case into the proper hands immediately.

The foreign population of France is growing year by year, and naturally this adds to the number of

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those who are unfamiliar with French law and custom. This unfamiliarity at once introduces frictions, which come first to the police for adjustment. Too often these are petty matters, but they occupy valuable time which is needed in the maintenance of order and safety. In the case of the travelling American he is constantly getting into difficulties with the housing question. French landlords, having most favorable laws to back them up, are too often little but profiteers, while the visiting American knows nothing of these, nor the extent to which the law will uphold the landlord, whether he be the proprietor of a hotel or an apartment. Few Americans take the trouble to consult a lawyer before signing a lease, and once the signature is appended the trials begin. In many instances the new tenant, after an expensive installation and advance payments, is induced to evacuate the premises almost immediately, trusting to the law to recover his advance payments, which trust is very seldom realized.

Then, too, French hotel methods are so different. The American visitors, because of good-natured carelessness in the matter of putting valuables under lock and key, are ready victims of theft. An immediate row with the management is the result, with the denouement almost invariably in favor of the hotel, which has an abundance of law on its side. This end is not infrequently the departure of the guest under most unsatisfactory conditions.

We might just as well face the fact that the American is considered fair prey all over Europe. As France happens to be the most attractive playground for the visitor from the United States, it is but a matter of arithmetic that his exploitation should be greater and more carefully worked out here than elsewhere. Then, too, it is tacitly understood that the travelling American is on pleasure bent, and that in pursuit of his pleasure he spends his money freely, which after all is why he brought it with him. If certain phases of amusement are engineered to very adroitly cater to his ability to spend, it need not prove astonishing.

Petty graft is found from beginning to end in the relations of foreigners with French affairs. Naturally these differences are taken to the police for adjustment. The visitor believes he has been victimized by a reputable or established institution. At home he is perfectly aware of his rights and knows how to obtain them. Applying those standards to French situations the difference is altogether too marked to be ironed out with ease. The French police, quite naturally, fail to see how such a situation could have arisen, since the law is plain, and the custom one of almost immemorial antiquity. The result is that the badgered and bedevilled foreigner, having neither the time nor the knowledge to fight out the cases of law infraction or routine extortion, departs in no pleasant frame of mind or pocketbook. And frequently this applies to the American who is no stranger to France.

Neither the American Embassy, nor the American Consulate, is equipped to be of much assistance to its nationals in matters of conflict with French law or criminals, and the harried officials of those two bureaux find themselves helpless before the dozens of cases of grief that Americans encounter every day of the year. It is for that very reason that a well equipped branch of the New York police should find establishment in Paris. It is not diplomacy, nor is it business practice that badgers the traveller, and yet both the

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Embassy and the Consulate must necessarily confine themselves to such matters. One cannot expect the Ambassador or the Consul General to gravely take up with the French Government the loss of a purse, a stick-pin, or the extortions of an hotel *concierge*, and yet that is what the American visitor does expect, and may explain the reason for his feelings so thoroughly expressed on his return home.

An American police branch in Paris would undoubtedly have a tremendous task, but its work would be invaluable to the American traveller. It is as well to be frank in recapitulating the difficulties, for such a bureau would find its work cut out for it. In no small measure its efforts would hinge on diplomacy, for the French police are touchy, and their work is far broader than an American police department confining its work to one municipality. All complaints entering the proposed bureau would have to be assorted and classified according to the degree of the trouble, and the negotiation then undertaken with the proper division of the Surête for its adjustment. In addition there will be matters that will not go to the Surête at all, but must be taken up with the various Ministries.

Two distinct branches of the police branch of New York Headquarters would be requisite from the beginning if a successful issue is to be expected. One would be the official diplomatic, which would really be nominally at least under the supervision of the Embassy and the Consulate, and would have to be the directing head of all the bureau activities. The other would be the operating division, coming into actual contact with the French police, and assisting them in their work that dealt with Americans, whether citizens or criminals.

French officialdom would welcome such a plan, for it would relieve them of a tremendous amount of work and a most unwelcome burden of responsibility. Obviously the American in difficulties would first resort to the American bureau of police, and there he would learn just what his chances were for adjustment of his trouble. Where the remedy was either obvious or impossible, according to the facts, much time would be saved, either by the bureau's familiarity with procedure or by elimination. Then, too, the American criminal would be watched on the ground. In this work the co-operation of the French police would be incalculably helpful, since the French system requires all visitors to be recorded, described, and reported to the police. Naturally such records would be at the service of the American police bureau. Since the bureau would be in constant touch with its New York headquarters, information as to the departure or arrival of known crooks would find its way to the proper French officials, and again the ends of justice would be served.

The importance of such a bureau of the New York police established in Paris cannot be over-estimated. While it would be costly to maintain, there can be not the slightest doubt that it would trebly repay any cost. Such a bureau would not be fractionally as important for London, since the laws, customs, jurisprudence and language are without essential difference in Great Britain and America, and consequently there is a closer degree of co-operation, but France in all essentials, from the mind down to the least important action, is as different from the United States as chalk is from cheese. A *liasoin* of the two arms of justice is a prime necessity and would pay for itself in service many times over each year.

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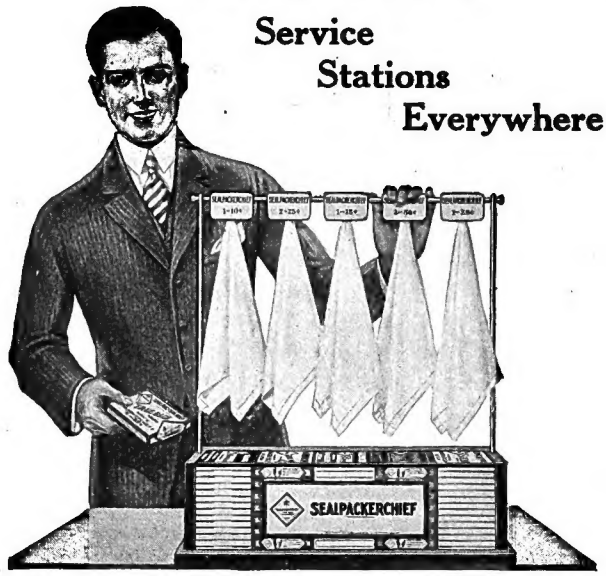

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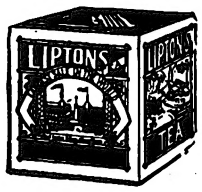

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A Tribute to "The Finest"

By GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH

I HAVE often felt as I witnessed the police parades, year after year, the profound sense of security which must come to every citizen of right mind when he views the splendid body of men selected to protect his life and his property. In the heat of political campaigns, and for purely partisan purposes in the years gone by, New York's Police Department has been grossly misrepresented and abused. But after the smoke and dust of the conflict have died down, there has been no difficulty in securing a unanimous expression of opinion that New York has the finest, most efficient police system to be found anywhere in the centers of civilization.

ALFRED E. SMITH

Executive Chamber,
Albany, New York.

"Good Luck to the Cops"

By COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHEN I was only a little fellow eight or nine years old, my father was Police Commissioner. In the evenings when he came home he used to tell the children of acts of heroism and devotion that had occurred at that time.

It is on account of this long association that when opportunity came during the last few years I have been very happy to aid in getting the proper recognition for them in compensation and other matters.

Good luck to the "cops"!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Oyster Bay, Long Island,
New York.

Anarchy Without Policemen

By THOMAS A. EDISON

THE American policeman is part of our civilization. Without him we would have anarchy, burning, killing and the wild mob. He faces the dangerous gunman without a quiver, and deserves our gratitude and admiration.

Orange, N. J. THOMAS A. EDISON

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